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MARCH 8, 2001 [53.25]

CELEBRATING INTERNATIONAL WOMENS' DAY

Martlet

Constructing the 'ideal' woman

Is the RealDoll™ really real?

RealDoll™ is a 'life-size' barbie-proportioned silicone sex-doll marketed as "better than the real thing". It'll cost you $6000 US, but look at all it has to offer.

Check it out at www.realdoll.com

cover by christina harris, photo provided

school of pussies

After a Swedish union boss called a group of Social Democrat women a "school of pussies," they decide d to fight back by producing a book of non-fiction post card narratives under the same moniker. The Martlet staff thought it was apt to adopt their subverisve act for our women's issue op-ed.

RealDolls are fake silicon women you can fuck. But only if you enjoy a very narrow group of women.

These dolls range between 5'1" to 5'10" and weigh from 90 to 120 lbs. While there are many aspects of this that are questionable, I am discussing height.

Women over the height of 5'10" exist, even though fashion designers and sex toy creators deny it. We are here and we are tall. And no, we are not only chasing men that are two inches taller than us. I have a neck and it bends. This bizarre theory that all heterosexual women must have their heads tilted at a 45 degree angle while talking to their male counterparts is lunacy.

laboaW

I went to a small rural elementary school with only about 100 students in total. In April of the year I was in seventh grade we got a substitute teacher. He touched me, and three of my friends in a sexual manner. Our principal overheard two of the girls talking about it. Our parents were called and the police were brought into the situation. At 13 years old it is embarrassing to have to tell your friend's dad, who happens to be a cop, the details of something you would rather forget. We ended up pressing charges and going to court. We didn't have to testify until October and we had just started high school. I remember feeling ashamed, dirty and guilty. I shouldn't have felt that way. I did nothing wrong. I remember hoping that no one would find out why we had to miss school for three days. I can barely remember testifying. The whole ordeal has a dreamy surrealistic quality to it. The teacher's defense lawyer was good. He manipulated the information and made me and my friends out to be co-conspirators trying to get attention. The teacher was not convicted.

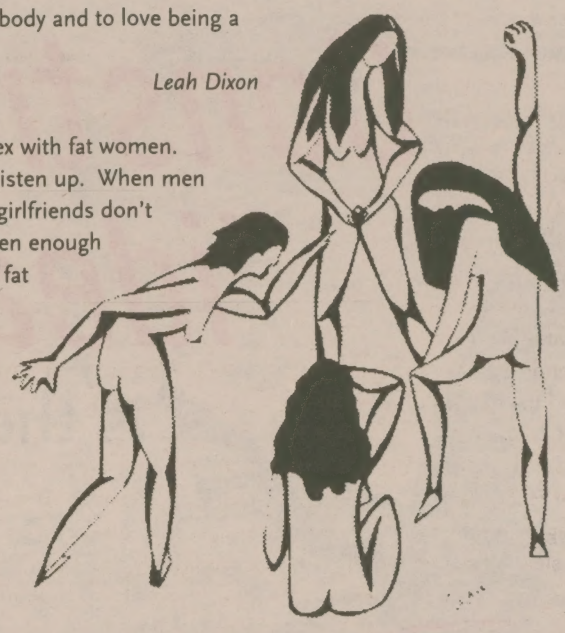
Something is fundamentally wrong with society when four 13 year-old girls, the victims of a sexual assault, are painted as scheming, uneducated little girls who don't know their own minds. I know that teacher made my friends and I uncomfortable.

anonymous

The first time I ever saw a belly dancer I felt sick with envy. Here's this woman, well into middle age, wearing a purple-sequined bra and a skirt slit up to her waist. Coins and beads dangled from her hips to accentuate her rear end while she danced across the restaurant, smiling seductively. She knew she was beautiful. No man or woman could take their eyes off her. Inspired, I tried awkwardly to mimic her in front of my mirror that night.

And even though I moved without her grace, I loved it. So I signed up for lessons. Me, this girl with a reputation for walking into walls and tripping over my own feet. I knew I stunk, but I could not have cared less. How else would I get to spend every Saturday morning tucking my shirt into my sports bra, lined up in front of a mirror with a bunch of other women, shaking my ass and letting it all go? I can't imagine. So now I proudly push out my belly and my bosom, having finally found the freedom to love my body and to love being a woman.

Leah Dixon



Sex. Fat women. Sex with fat women. Freaking out? Well listen up. When men complain that their girlfriends don't want to have sex often enough and yet make fun of fat chicks like us, what they are missing out on is this: we are the ones who want sex and don't tend to say no. Why? Simple. Fat produces hormones so we are walking packages of hormones looking for sex; however, because of stereotypes that say we are sexless/invisible/deplorable, we are scorned. Why? Not long ago, fat chicks were the rage. Remember Marilyn Monroe? She was, and is, considered a sex goddess at size 18, and yet we are considered unattractive. We have the same wants, needs and desires of all women and provide, as comedienne Thea Vidale said: "a soft place to lie on". So wise up boys. We have unlimited sexual desire and we're into oral gratification. Think about it! There is nothing wrong with being different. Each person has good things to give, even those of us who have a few extra rolls or stretch marks. The human spectrum of diversity is beautiful... all of it!

Margaret Speirs and Stephanie Willett

I don't want my womanness to be political. Forty years ago, my choices would have been, by default. My mother and her friends made "statements,"declaring their right to work, declaring their right to be a stay-at-home parent – without being a drudge. She worked and mummed and is only now removing drudge from her self-description. Mary, my mother's age, now cleans my mum's house for her. Mary and her husband are wealthy. She works for her own money and esteem. I dare anyone to tell her that is political. In other parts of the world yes, "but not me, not here," she says.

In the 80s and early 90s, my mother went to university – UVic – for the first time. She was in her late thirties. Nine or ten years old at the time, I stayed with my dad. A cleaning lady, different one, came before mum flew home for holidays.

At UVic, Mum met Lisa. She is a public service administrator. My mum's and Lisa's generation, between my mother's and mine, fought for equal pay for equal rights. Now, the cheque is in the mail.

I am at UVic, discovering myself as woman. Not womyn. I am the history that woman is, man and all. I also recently became engaged to a man. My mother feels betrayed, not by politics, lack of choice and socialization of woman, but by her ambitious (she thought), more-educated, ever-travelling daughter. Mum did not fight for the freedom to be married young. This is not politically correct.

"If I could have done what you can do, I could have conquered the world," she says. I note the past tense and think "And I will – conquer what I please." I am a woman who is not political. Not Mum's politics anyway.

Keely Hunter

I must give thanks to the greatest feminist in my life: my father. Raised the only-child of a single-parent, I often resented the intensity of our one-on-one relationship. During fights I would cry for my mother – imagining a perfect life with a woman I barely knew. He performed the difficult task of acting both roles while my patience with my dad was limited; but as I grow and evaluate my life – temporally and spacially distanced from my dad's – I realize the impact of his teachings of love, equality, peace and respect have had on creating the woman I am and wish to be.

Shoshanah Waxman

Grace to my mother, the salt lines in her hands, her body a country called Hope. Grace to my mother faceless. Grace to the soft folds of her body standing before the stove, lonely. Grace to the rosary she gripped so tight it turned to blood. Grace to her green eyes, the ones I lay myself down in, willing her a tunnel, another place. Grace to my grandmother's torn lungs, her bloated veins. Grace for her lost childhood, her long labours. Grace to her face: a puddle of stones. Grace to the table she birthed on waiting for the post man, the Maytag repair. Grace to her olive-oil laughter, her gold stilettos, her tar eyes. Grace to my father while he waited for her to come home from the asylum. Grace to his nightmares. Grace to another place, not here.

Donita

Over the past six years, I have been learning to assert myself and be confident in the choices I make regardless of being criticized for it. This is in no small part because of my best friend and her feminist influences. Slowly, I have stopped letting people walk all over me and have voiced my opinion more openly despite outside criticisms and attempt to belittle my political beliefs. I have taken a few women's studies classes, which have introduced me to some wonderful women writers from different experiences. Though many people - my family and friends included - may scoff at the idea of women's studies and the politics I have adapted from them, I have found in them a way to stand firm in my beliefs. When someone screws up their face as the word "feminist" comes out of my mouth, I'm not phased and I might even confront their disgust for the term. I will argue at length with my roommate even though we both know neither of us will be able to change the other's opinion. But these arguments keep me thinking about why I believe what I do. I have to constantly rethink my positions so that I don't become complacent. I need to keep reading and let other people's experiences influence how I think because my privileged life can't show me what still needs to be done to achieve some kind of social equity.

Anonymous

My mom is what I refer to as a "new-agey" person. You know the type, you know the books, you know the incense-calm, angel-laden bookstores. Reincarnation, affirmations, sage-burning, channeling, inner-landscapes, eastern philosophies, pop-psychology and conversations with God are as common as grass here.

My mother and I have been close friends as long as I can remember, and I feel lucky for it. My mother is fun, she is wise and she is kind beyond measure. Over the years she has never judged me; only herself.

My mother's exploration of the philosophies of New Age literature have literally transformed her life. She has peeled away the garments of who she Should be, how she Ought to act and feel. Over the past five or ten years she has emerged from her self-imposed cocoon in joyful and unapologetic glory. She quit the job she hated. She spoke her resentments to my father. She moved across the country. She took care of her health. She left her marriage. She started to play guitar and dance. She decided to be happy.

And whether it comes from feminist consciousness-raising, psychological counselling or chanting affirmative mantras in the tub, I think self-love and speaking your truth are the only way to go.

Yet, as mom and I 'share', I frequently encounter a disturbing gap. There seems to be little place for political analysis in the philosophy of the New Age, and the critical thinker in me becomes alarmed.

Self, self, self. Certainly many people need to question their values, their self-concept, their dreams. But just who is racking up the credit card in a desperate search for a meaningful inner journey?

Struggling single mothers, black women experiencing racism in the workplace, aboriginal women living in poverty; do these women need positive affirmations? Maybe. They also need some fucking social justice. They need legal reform and social programs and a society which is non-racist.

A sandalwood bookstore beckons. There are powerful lessons here and transformative ideas. There is also racism and blind spots and privilege. My mother visited last week and though we had a wonderful visit, I was a left with some uncomfortable feelings. My Higher-Self applauds my mother, but my heavy-soled shoes are the ground.

anonymous

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UVic's Student Paper
international womens' day

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Beauty as self-hate

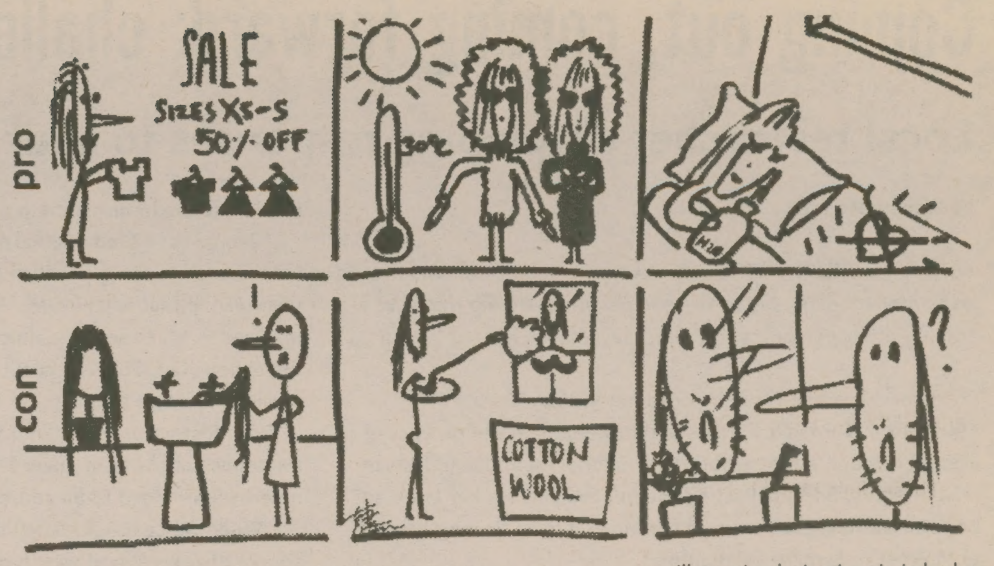

illustration by jessica gin-jade chan

Pro's: Sales on extra small clothes. Wear your sweaters all year round. No need for a lover, you prefer a hot water bottle.

Con's: Plug up your sink with the hair you lose. Stuff your bra, it's too big. Grow facial hair, you're too cold.

by Page Lewis

Food. Food. Food. From the instant you wake up to the seconds of silence before you drift off into dreamland, food is the subject of your thoughts. Even the night is infected with visions of sugarplums dancing in your head.

Despite the obsession, the challenge is this: eat as little as possible. Sound ludicrous? For a person suffering from anorexia, the day's success is a function of the amount of sustenance consumed. The less, the better. How would I know? I know because I am anorexic.

I write this story with the hopes of shocking and educating Martlet readers who may be clueless about a wide-spread disease on the University of Victoria campus. This disease affects one in four female university students, and a growing number of men. The death rate is high: one in five sufferers will die of anorexia-related complications.

I do not know with certainty how it all began. I believe it was a strong desire to be fit. I had always enjoyed working out at the gym, going for jogs, hikes and bike rides. I loved to swim laps in the pool. I tried to stay away from sweets and fast food.

But this all seemed normal. After a workout I would weigh myself and smile if the scale told me what I wanted to see. Just a little lower. There was always room for improvement. I admired the trim frame I saw in the reflection and bought new clothes.

As time progressed, my case worsened. I was in denial, certain that I was simply determined to uphold a healthy lifestyle. I slowly began eliminating more and more foods from my diet. No more cheese. No more peanut butter. No more licorice. No more sugar in my coffee. I was still doing 45-minute cardiovascular workouts. And I was eating less than 1000 calories. (A woman of my height – 5'7" – and level of activity would need double or even triple that.)

When I had a clear moment, I would approach the mirror, look myself in the eye and demand to know the motives of my self-torture. I vowed to stop compulsively exercising and eat regular meals. But day after day I would find myself in the same routine - a heavy workout and a restricted diet. It was beyond my control.

The hooks of anorexia dug deeper and deeper into my life. I began to realise I had a problem. So did my family and friends. "You're looking thin," they would say. "Have you lost weight?" I made up excuses. "It's that warm Victorian weather," I would confide. "Who needs insulation?"

I gave rain checks on most social gatherings, especially those involving meals. The restricting progressed, and my case snowballed. I went from a size 10 to a size two in eight months. At one point I weighed only 121 lbs. I did not even have the stamina or freedom of creative thought to read or write. My mind was full of food while my empty belly cried for help and my body wasted away.

What are some of the advantages to being anorexic, I asked myself. The disorder's persistence and my knowledge that many others suffered the same predicament forced me to contemplate potential rewards.

1. You can cash in on sales for XS clothing that no one else can fit into.
2. You are likely amenorrheic. Without your period, you can avoid the hassles of tampons, bloating and cramps.
3. Your lack of body fat keeps you so cold that you can wear all your favourite sweaters year-round, even in 30 degree weather.
4. You would rather sleep with a hot water bottle than a lover, so you needn't fret about STDs or pregnancy.
5. You save money on entertainment, as you have neither the attention span nor the energy to enjoy movies or concerts.
6. You are an extremely cheap drunk - one glass of wine will make you tipsy, and serves as dinner to boot!
7. You save a lot of money on groceries eating only rice cakes, popcorn and celery sticks.

> My mind was full of food while my empty belly cried for help and my body wasted away.

Well, it appears as though anorexia is quite cost-efficient. Reality check: these so called "benefits" are, in truth, merely the twisted perception of a person heartily denying the malignant repercussions of this illness. In fact, there is nothing good about anorexia. Here are some of the disadvantages I experienced while caught in the throes of this death trap.

1. You regularly have to clean the sink drain because your excessive hair loss plugs it up.
2. You have to stuff your cup bra (the one that used to fit you) with tissue paper to avoid the "deflated" look.
3. You spend most of your time curled up in front of the fireplace with the heat cranked up.
4. You are regularly dizzy and sometimes even hallucinate.
5. Your moods are so extreme that you overreact at the tiniest things and end up on antidepressants.
6. Your body retains so much water that your rings don't fit and your ankles get that sausage-like appearance.
7. You have heat flashes that leave you drenched in sweat at the most inopportune moments.
8. You drink so much tea and coffee - a desperate attempt to satisfy yourself and to stay warm - that you are always on the toilet. You are basically incontinent.
9. You become so ravenous that you end up bingeing. You then spend an hour purging until your throat bleeds and lie in bed for the rest of the day with a swollen face and raw knuckles. You are still hungry.
10. You eat so many carrots that you turn a nasty shade of orange from beta-carotene overdose.
11. You are no longer asked to dinner by friends because they know you will only pick the lettuce from the salad.
12. You grow strange hairs on your body and face as your body struggles to maintain its ideal temperature.
13. You cannot sit still because your bony bottom makes cushionless chairs agony.

Stunned? Disgusted? The list goes on. These examples of effects I incurred are commonplace. Anorexia is a living hell. As a woman going through it, I can vouch for that. So maybe next time you may think twice before envying that waif in your office or biology class. She may not be nearly as happy as you think you'd be if you were her size.

It was only when my doctor advised me that I was a likely candidate for a heart attack that I was slapped in the face. He told me that if I didn't begin to gain some weight that I would either end up in the hospital, or dead.

The doctor made me see that if I didn't learn to take care of myself I would lose everything. All my wonderful plans for school, work and travel, all my hopes and dreams, would be gone. The denial vanished and I was overcome with fear. I had to find the strength to fight and to reach out.

And I did just that. As an independent, successful and driven young woman, this was one of the hardest parts - admitting that I was weak and needed help.

The rocky road to recovery is not an easy trip. I see a doctor, a counsellor and a nutritionist every week. I eat mechanically. I have given up the militaristic exercise regime. I feel fat all the time. But, contrary to those ridiculous Slim Fast commercials, I can honestly say: "I gained twenty pounds in three months and I feel great!" I can read again. I can write again. I can think again. I have also developed a keen awareness of individuals suffering from the same condition. Rigorous gum-chewing toothpicks on bicycles, you do not fool me! I easily smell the blood of an anorexic - for I have been there. Know this: it's not about size. We victimize ourselves by the impossible expectations we impose. Sometimes it takes guts to accept who you really are and to love yourself.

Women around the globe

· Eighty per cent of the world's 21.4 million refugees are women and children.
· Sisters may be doin' it for themselves but they're still playing catch up. Global statistics on the average gross domestic product for women per capita is $4,523 compared to $8,103 for men.
· Twelve percent of seats in the world's parliaments are held by women, the percentages dip as low as 3.7 in the Arab states to 19 per cent in industrialized countries.

Source: UNDP Human Development Report 1999.

In its 1999 report, UNICEF stated that one billion people will enter the 21st century unable to read or write. Over two thirds of these will be women.

The on-the-ground economic effects of increasing globalization over the last two decades? The rich/poor gap between countries is widening, as is the disparity between men and women.

In October of last year, the 'third world' delegates of the Social, Humanitarian and Cultural Committee of the UN General Assembly called for a recognition that gender equality must become a central focus of all 'development' initiatives.

Last year a UNIFEM committee checked up on how the international community has done on its commitments to empower women and achive gender equality:

· Of 188 member states, only eight have successfully met global agreements in the combined goals of gender equality in secondary enrolment and at least a 39 per cent share of women's seats in parliament. Seven out of eight are from the industrial world: Denmark, Finland, Germany, Iceland, Netherlands, Norway, Sweden and South Africa. Canada, almost 100 per cent of girls enrolled in public schools, but only 21 per cent of the seats of parliament are held by women.

Women's employment has fallen in many countries of Eastern Europe during the transformation to market economies.

Women still contribute 70 per cent of the total time devoted to unpaid care work around the world.

Source: the latest biennial report of UNIFEM, the United Nations Development Fund for Women. (June 5, 2000)

Martlet presents the 2001 Seminar Series

The Martlet WELCOMES EVERYONE TO A SERIES OF SEMINARS ON WRITING, EDITING, VIDEO & DESIGN FOR THE ALTERNATIVE PRESS ON **March 8 & 9**

MARCH 8

Russ Francis: *How to bust open a organization, 1p.m. B025*

Darren Stone: *Through the Lens, 3 p.m. B025*

Jesse LeDré: *Web design basics, 4 p.m. B025*

PHONE 721-8361 FOR MORE INFORMATION

MARCH 9

Zeta Lay: *Producing for print and radio, 1 p.m. CFUV*

John Threfall: *How to freelance for the arts, 1 p.m. B025*

Anita Schoepp: *Organizing for indy media, 2 p.m. B025*

Christina Harris: *Design for magazine and newspapers, 3 p.m. B025*

Ross Crockford: *Writing to make the editor happy 4 p.m. B025*

Coming out, coming forward: challenging approaches to violence

Local researcher developing responses to abuse in lesbian relationships

by Loriann Pearce

WINNIPEG (CUP) – "The only way some people can understand lesbian relationships is to see one person as acting male-like and the other person as the wife," says Janice Ristock with a laugh.

Ristock, a professor and coordinator of University of Manitoba's Women's Studies department, is in the process of wading through a vast amount of material on abuse in lesbian relationships. She's collecting the information for her book, to be released next year, entitled *No More Secrets: Bearing Witness to Violence in Lesbian Relationships.*

"Every time people hear stories about lesbians and lesbian domestic violence – and I worry about this - they're hearing and interpreting them in particular ways to reinforce certain stereotypes about lesbians and to reinforce heterosexuality as the norm," she says.

Ristock is credited by social service providers as a driving force behind raising issues of violence in gay and lesbian relationships. However, Ristock, in turn, credits the 102 women she interviewed in cities across Canada and more than 75 service providers in Canada and the US that participated in focus groups as part of the project.

"It's a hard thing for anybody to come forward and talk about abuse they've experienced," says Ristock. "For lesbians, I think there are some particular concerns so I really tried to make it clear that I was doing this as somebody who is a lesbian who would use the information in a meaningful way."

"People have fundamental stereotypes that get in the way of them understanding a lesbian relationship, never mind a lesbian relationship that is [abusive]," says Lisa Passante who is actively involved in Winnipeg's Coalition of Lesbians on Support and Education (CLOSE). The coalition offers a space for lesbian service providers to meet and share information.

Both Ristock and Passante have found that, in efforts to raise awareness of abuse in queer relationships, homophobia and heterosexism need to be addressed.

"When we sent out some literature to service providers a couple of years ago, it was initially going to be some information on abuse in lesbian relationships and a literature review. But we really struggled with, on the one hand, wanting to get this information out but, on the other hand, knowing that we needed to get out information generally about healthy lesbian relationships."

Issues of language or who and how things get named was also integral to Ristock's research.

Ristock says lesbians in abusive relationships often had difficulty naming their experience and she emphasizes the importance of language.

"They didn't have a language to talk about what had happened to them. So even though they felt sexually violated, they didn't quite know how to explain it."

"If someone had said 'Were you sexually assaulted?' they may have answered 'no.' But if you explored power dynamics in light of their experience in their sexual relationship, then sometimes they would describe things like being restrained and being forced to try something they didn't want to, being humiliated sexually."

"There are all these barriers for getting support or finding help," explains Ristock, "Police, shelters - all sorts of things that are in place for domestic violence are not used very much by lesbians because of the feeling that lesbians are not welcome there. Those that did call the police, often had really horrible responses. Things like the police charging both women - seeing it as a 'cat fight,' for example."

Moreover, with most lesbian communities being small, the issue of confidentiality can't be assured, says Ristock.

But community groups and service providers are developing a number of strategies to respond to the unique needs of the lesbian and queer community. CLOSE, for example, has held forums on 'healthy relationships' after other - heterosexual - feminist strategies, like support groups, have failed.

Still, there's work to be done and Ristock hopes her work can help facilitate conversations and further strategizing across communities. However, she is quick to note the limits of her work.

"For some women I was interviewing, this was just one piece of their life. They may have encountered a lifetime of violence, of poverty, and I was just focussing on one tiny, narrow aspect."

A prototype sex worker doesn't exist

Report by UVic and PEERS analyzes working conditions for men and women working on and off the street

by Gillian Jerome

A Prostitutes Empowerment Education and Resource Society (PEERS) report due to be released in May is the most comprehensive look at the sex trade in Victoria to date, says UVic researcher Cecila Benoit.

Benoit trained former sex workers at PEERS to interview 100 off-street workers involved in escort services, phone sex and massage parlours, 50 street prostitutes and 50 people who have exited the profession.

Benoit's conceptual framework recognizes the sex trade as a means of earning a living. The study focuses on labour conditions, ranging from income to control over work environment. Whereas many theorists look at sex work as oppressive, the study analyses the economics of sex trade work as well as sociological factors such as family background and issues of abuse.

Although Benoit won't say much before the report is released, she did say that their findings shatter most stereotypes of the troubled, victimized worker.

"There are a lot of assumptions made about social problems, that prostitution is a degrading activity, about the prevalence of sexually transmitted disease and drug and alcohol abuse.

"However, it's also a way to make a living and it's a complex occupational organization. The prostitute stereotype just doesn't hold."

Benoit says the report will affect policy changes for outreach agencies and government services.

Although the report doesn't include research on Internet sex workers, Benoit says it does shed some light on male sex workers in the region for which there is very little research. (Men account for twenty per cent of the sample.)

Called *Dispelling Myths/ Understanding Realities: Working Conditions and Health Status of Sex Workers in Victoria*, the research and report is funded by the B.C. Health Research Foundation, the B.C. Centre for Excellence in Health and the Capital Health Region.

For more details and a copy of the report call PEERS at 388-6507.

Coffee, tea or me? The politics of waitressing as a way to earn cash

by Carrie Ann Taylor

I used to resist the fact, but I have to face it: I am a waitress.

I have worked in fine dining, funky, pub-style, tourist-resort and 'ethnic' establishments, in small-town, rural, mountainous, beach-front, coastal and urban settings. They have been private, family, franchise and corporate-owned businesses. I have donned tuxedos, kilts, short skirts, blue jeans, beach wear, lipstick, logos, visors, period costumes, neckties and push-up bras all in pursuit of the Almighty Dollar.

Now I work for an upscale-ish chain. I remember the day I applied. I entered the restaurant with some trepidation. It was not really my style, after all. Corporate, standardized, hip and glossy, I could sense the kind of perky 'team energy' they were likely to require of me and I was fairly sure it would make me want to spit. At the time, however, I was very broke, I needed groceries, student loan payments, rent money; it was no time to be picky. So I swallowed my pride, put on my generic-girl job-interview dress and got a 'just-for-now' job working for the Man.

Corporate interviews always seem to involve questions you couldn't possible answer honestly, such as "Name your greatest strength and your worst weakness." If I said, "Playing the fucking game" to answer both questions, do you think I would get the job? So I submit myself to the stylized, ritual interrogation, a chance for me to perform and display of my tact, friendliness, social graces and skin complexion. In a very real sense, my Self was (and is) neither desired or required.

The corporate restaurant is a factory of sorts, but it manufactures both Products, that is, specific foods and beverages, and a particular Experience. In the competitive climate of the restaurant industry, the quality and nature of service delivery has become the key factor in competition, outranking even food quality and good value in industry literature. This focus on service delivery means that the server in a restaurant increasingly becomes part of the product. Just what exactly is being consumed here? The experts at Head Office have developed both a vision and a detailed definition of what this chain's 'experience' is all about.

I am to be part of that experience.

And believe me, I have been well-programmed in the past. I know, I know, I know: they are not customers, they are Guests, defer to chefs, serve from the right, clear from the left, know the local history, doilies are your friends. I can time meal courses, keep a poker face, serve wine with grace, do the fan, the fawn and the bird-of-paradise napkin folds. I can be boisterous or invisible, I offer fresh ground pepper and I carry four plates, five pens and an endless quantity of smiles. While performing my job, I live and breathe 'total quality management'.

There are strict regulations regarding one's personal appearance. The goal is a 'crispness' and a militant uniformity. In my orientation, as both summary and explanation of the appearance standards, I was told to try to look "as normal as possible".

Food service occupations are largely gendered positions, enacted in a restaurant settings which mark and play out and divisions of race and class. It is important to recognize that traditional ideals of femininity in western mainstream culture have developed within the discourse of the white upper and middle class. In practice, implicit in hiring preferences for 'beauty' are specific connotations of race and class.

On the plus side of appearance standards, all the servers wear men's shirts and neckties. I find that this drastically reduces the hyper-sexualized aspect of serving which is often a part of the job requirement for women.

continued on page 6

The Martlet is hiring. Still.

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Becoming the Boob Bitch

I was introduced to a 70A bra, after the lady at a Tokyo department store measured me from breast to breast and declared me too big to fit a training bra.

by Jessica Gin-Jade Chan

The cancerous boob was my first introduction to breasts. During Primary Four and Five in Singapore, we were traumatized by a screening on the techniques of breast self-examinations. We knew that our mothers and older sisters had these round things, of course. It was the idea of having these blobs hang from us, these blobs, which had a 33 per cent chance of becoming cancerous one day, which terrified us.

For months, I entertained nightmares about having a pair of cancerous boobs. The tumors grew and grew until they became the entire breast and weighed my chest down. I had to stoop when I walked. In the dreams, my boobs grew heavier and heavier until they dropped to the ground from the pull of gravity like the apple in Newton's law of physics. One day, my nightmare became real.

"You need a bra," my mother told me as I changed for ballet class one evening. I pulled my t-shirt over my pink leotard quickly.

"What for?" I feigned innocence.

"You're growing. Look at those," my mother pointed at two perky lumps under my thin t-shirt.

"I am only 10. Girls don't grow until they are 13."

"Well, it's a bit early, but you are." My mother was really hateful about breasts. "We'll go bra shopping on Wednesday." That was it.

Wednesday came. I was introduced to a 70A bra, after the lady at a Tokyo department store measured me from breast to breast and declared me too big to fit a training bra. "She's developing well. She should have got a bra long ago, but it's not too late to shape up," she told my mother, who promptly bought four of the tiny cotton scraps in four different colours.

My first brassieres had tiny hearts embroidered on the cups, with little bows to mark where my shallow cleavage was. They resembled sports bras and had elasticized sides, no back clasps and no underwire. In order to put on one of those complicated garments, I had to stretch the bra and slip it over my head. The hardest part was getting the bra on with the right side facing front and finding all the right holes for the head and arms. Dressing in the mornings took twice as long.

Back clasps and underwires were for real bras. My bra wasn't really a bra. It was a "half-singlet." The new bras resembled an undershirt but for the fact the bras did not hang beyond the waist, but ended at the base of my chest. The white ones weren't that bad; they could be passed off as cropped undershirts. It was the nude colored ones that were my enemy. Undershirts never came in nude. I hated the nude bras so much that I wore an undershirt at all times in an effort to conceal them.

Once on, the bralette supported my developing bust, but refused to compress their perkiness. At ten years old, I was the only girl "becoming big" in my co-ed class of 44, of which 25 were flat-chested androgynous nymphets. "Becoming big" was what we called it at school, and I was becoming too big. My breasts didn't wait for me to get used to them, or resign themselves to growing patiently, year by year, millimeter by millimeter. They just happened, jumping over cup sizes like the high jumpers at the Olympics, passing over 75A, 80A, 70B, 75B, 80B.

By Primary Five, I was a voluptuous 75C (equivalent of 34C) in a class where most of the girls could pass for boys neck down. The boys in my class were too scared to snap my bra straps in class under the teacher's sharp eye, but that did not prevent them from sneaking into the girls' toilets and running off with my bras while I was in the shower after physical education lessons. Physical Education was always the last class of the day, which ended at 5:45 p.m., leaving 10 minutes for a shower before the school bus left at six. On the days I got my bra stolen, I had to run to catch the bus, my breasts thumping against the base of my chest, past a crowd of teasing male classmates.

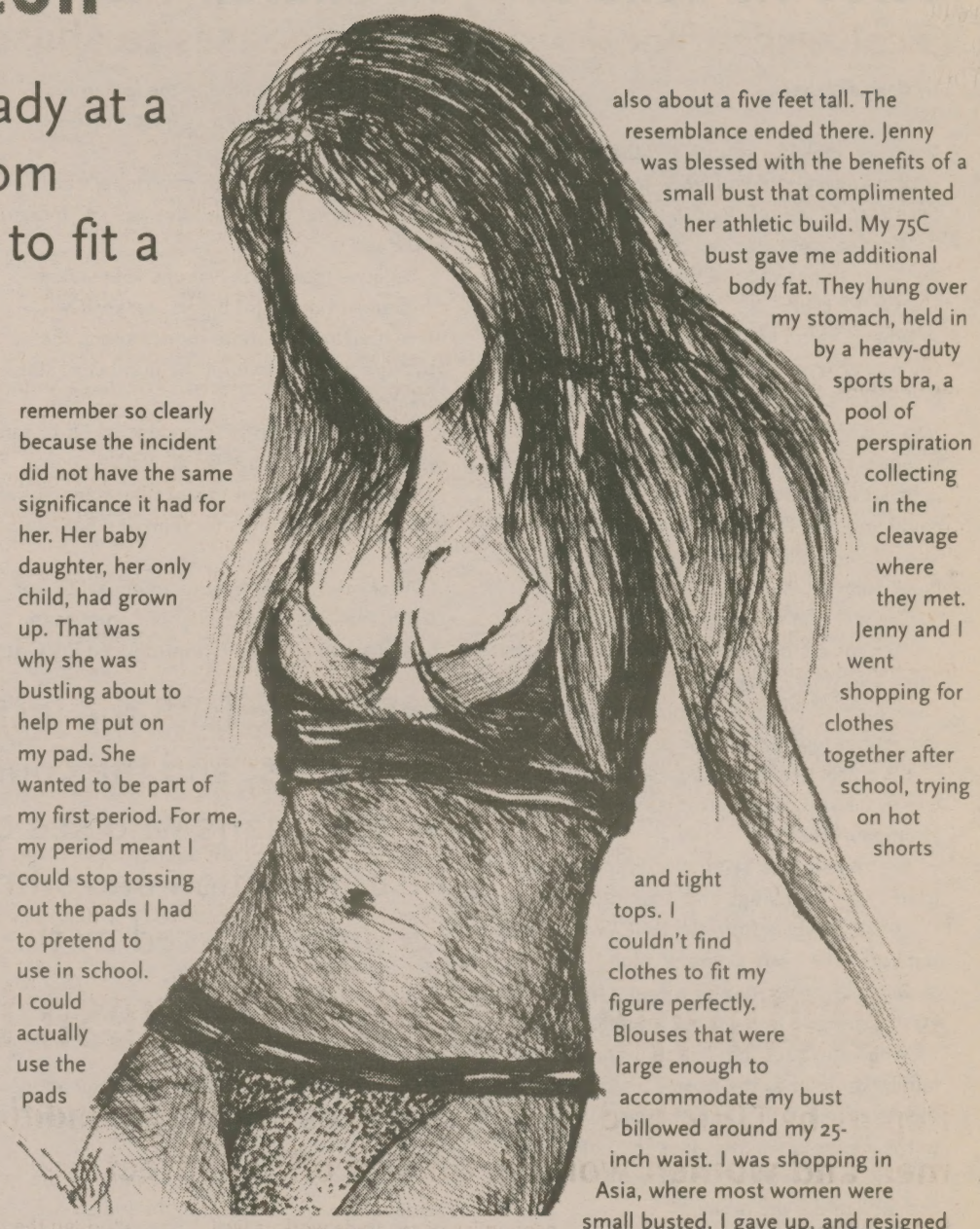
I suppose breasts and bras, for most girls, have more to do with the coming of womanhood than anything else. Breasts were more significant than getting your period, even though the first drops of menstrual blood were also traumatic and important. Breasts were important because you could see them; they were there; they were visible for all the world to see. Whereas a girl could bring her sister's pads to school and pretend to have her period for months before the actual thing came. Nobody could know about the spotless pad you wore on your panties to make your story seem more real. Which was exactly what I did to draw less attention to my developing breasts.

The girls made it a fashion to complain about cramps for three to six days every month, bringing hot water bottles to school and making a show of clutching them during class hours. I didn't get in on the hot water bottle fashion, but I clutched my stomach and moaned in the girls' room about "The Monthly Visitor." I made obvious and furtive visits to the toilets during lessons, carelessly hiding a pair of sanitary napkins in my hand. I did this to get out of jogging during Physical Education and to fit in. I didn't want other girls to know that I didn't really have my period. And in the event of being discovered to be a sham, I didn't want them to think I wasn't willing to pretend in order to gain their acceptance. As it was, I didn't really need to pretend. Being the girl with the biggest boobs in class, I was taken to be the authority on womanhood.

If anything, pretending to have my period drew more attention to my breasts. But it was too late to turn back. A girl cannot "un-have" cramps. Even if it were possible, my classmates just didn't think it would be possible for me not to have my period.

I eventually did get it. My very own monthly period. My menstrual cramps were agonizing and as awful as I had pretended they were. My mother finally bought me my very own hot water bottle, which I now hid in the depths of my school bag. I didn't want classmates asking for tips on how to cure cramps.

The evening I first got my period, my mother was in the bathroom with me, washing up before dinner. If I had it my way, I wouldn't have told my mother, who had disillusioned me with her less-than-understanding approach towards my bras. My mother turned around while brushing her teeth to talk to me while I was on the toilet seat. She noticed the dark stain on my panties and started to make a great show rummaging for a suitable pad. It was a really traumatic moment, which I remember so clearly because the incident did not have the same significance it had for her. Her baby daughter, her only child, had grown up. That was why she was bustling about to help me put on my pad. She wanted to be part of my first period. For me, my period meant I could stop tossing out the pads I had to pretend to use in school. I could actually use the pads now and save my pocket money. Outwardly, my situation at school did not change. The boys continued to tease me and the girls continued to look to me as the Aunt Agony on being a woman. Inside, however, my days of telling myself I was like the other girls were over. I was really grown up. I had breasts. I had incompressible, uncontrollable and irrepressible large breasts.



"Don't worry about it," said my ballet partner Chun Eng; 13 with two older sisters, she knew about things. "You'll stop growing when your husband sleeps on top of you. He'll touch them and kiss them and lie on top of them. "

"Why would he want to sleep on top of me?" My parents had a poor relationship and slept in separate bedrooms.

"When you get married, you will want your husband to sleep on top of you. It's fun," Chun Eng said, by way of explanation. "I saw Johnny do that to Chun Hwey," she said, referring to her sister who had gotten married just last month.

"She couldn't have come out alive," I retorted. I had seen Johnny. He was huge.

"She did too. They sleep like that every night. You're just saying that because you're scared of boys."

I was, and wasn't, scared of boys, even though the merciless teasing at school gave me a good reason to be. I knew about kissing and necking; I had seen the secondary school students do it at the bus-stops. I didn't want to wait until I got married for my breasts to stop growing. They'll be the size of pumpkins then.

My best friend in secondary school was Jenny Tan. Jenny had been in my art class in Primary Two and in my piano class in Secondary One. She was my first real girl friend who showed me the world of pretty fashions. We were about equally popular in school. She had more success with boys than I did (which was none); she resembled me in her bright-eyed smile and bouncy bobbed hair; she was also about a five feet tall. The resemblance ended there. Jenny was blessed with the benefits of a small bust that complimented her athletic build. My 75C bust gave me additional body fat. They hung over my stomach, held in by a heavy-duty sports bra, a pool of perspiration collecting in the cleavage where they met. Jenny and I went shopping for clothes together after school, trying on hot shorts and tight tops. I couldn't find clothes to fit my figure perfectly. Blouses that were large enough to accommodate my bust billowed around my 25-inch waist. I was shopping in Asia, where most women were small busted. I gave up, and resigned myself to wearing tight stretchy tops. I wore the tight tops because I hoped the pressure on my breasts would prevent them from growing, not because I wanted to show off my breasts. I tortured Jenny by spending our shopping trips on finding the perfect tight top that compressed me but did not make my breasts look big. Only I never found it.

Over the years, I continued to grow. On the day I discovered I had become a 75D (34D), I made a vow to stop the growth. Here are some of the activities I did to help:

Swimming 20 laps everyday. (I got this from admiring the streamlined bodies of female Olympic swimmers.)
Sleeping on my chest at night.
Drinking lemonade without sugar because my overweight cousin said this helped in speeding up fat loss. I hoped that dissolving the fat would reduce me by at least two cup sizes.

I also:

Stopped eating dairy products.
Wore two sports bras at once.
Refused to lean forward.

"Eat more butter," became my unsympathetic response to girls unsatisfied with their A cups.

Ultimately, I resigned myself to my well-endowed existence and began to tease friends who worshiped the push-up bra bitterly. I lectured girlfriends who lamented their small cup sizes, preaching to them the evils of the sagging boob. I was merciless to girls who shyly came to me for advice on how to grow their breasts. "Eat more butter," became my unsympathetic response to girls unsatisfied with their A cups.

I became the Boob Bitch. I didn't understand why my girlfriends wanted a larger bust. I didn't see why they couldn't appreciate being able to go jogging without cat calls coming from the construction site workers. I didn't see why they couldn't appreciate fitting into pretty clothes with one try. Why couldn't they see that small breasts were the fashion? Their complaints centered around one issue: men wanted the women with big boobs. I knew that wasn't true. My success with men was nominal in comparison to my small-breasted friends. But I wasn't about to tell them that.

First Nations lawyer Sharon McIvor speaks for women in the courts

by Carmel Ecker

What you look like counts. It's the first thing people know about you when they meet you on the street, in the office or in the court house.

What you look like can determine whether the judge thinks you are the lawyer or mistakes you for the client.

When Sharon McIvor started practicing law, she was always mistaken for the client, except in the Supreme Court where robes distinguish who is who.

She's asked herself several times what gives people this impression. The only answer she could find was that she is a member of the Thompson Nation, and more importantly, she looks Native.

The fact that she looks like an indigenous woman means people make assumptions that "aren't very flattering to me," McIvor said at a speech on systemic discrimination against indigenous women at UVic on Feb. 28.

It's a problem that has rarely affected other female lawyers said McIvor, a member of the Thompson Nation.

She remembers being discriminated against from a very young age and it continues today.

"I had no voice from the time I was two up until the time I was a young adult," she said.

But McIvor decided as a young teen that she wasn't going to live without a voice.

When she goes into a restaurant with her family, sometimes the people lined up behind them get seated first and she casually mentions to the waitor or waitress that she hopes it had nothing to do with racism as her kids cringe and sink under the table.

The answer is usually an insistent no and wonderful service.

But McIvor remembers the way the hometown storekeeper treated her mother when McIvor was growing up in Merritt, B.C. He wouldn't serve her if a non-native was in the store and he wouldn't let her buy certain things, which meant McIvor and her siblings didn't often get candy.

McIvor began to stand up for herself at age 13, always looking for advocacy opportunities.

"I think I was born an activist," she said, because no one in her family is active in indigenous politics.

"Part of activism... is taking on a system that doesn't value us very much," she said.

That system is rooted in the Indian Act, which has discriminated against indigenous women since 1869.

Early on, the Canadian government gave itself the power to decide who was an "Indian" in Canada.

Because more First Nations with status cards meant more (or bigger) reservations, more housing and more money spent, the government tried to limit the number of status Indians.

Government efforts to impose its European system of male lineage on all Native people regardless of tradition meant that many women lost their Indian status for marrying non-status men.

After much lobbying and an appeal to the United Nations Human Rights Commission, the Canadian government introduced Bill C-31 in 1985 to remove the blatant discrimination from the Indian Act. But the changes weren't a cure-all remedy.

> I still have faith the justice system will uphold our rights, and the courts are a counter-balance to politicians who see our plight and the discrimination and who will do nothing to help us unless forced by the courts to do so.
>
> *Sharon McIvor, lawyer*

Over 100,000 people are affected by the remaining discrimination in the Indian Act, including grandchildren of women who reclaimed status after Bill C-31.

McIvor is currently fighting the Indian Act for her children, who don't have status due to the "Second Generation cut-off." This part of the Indian Act means grandchildren of women who regained their status with Bill C-31 won't inherit status unless their mothers marry status Indian men.

McIvor's children fall under this category. She said it's just one example of how discrimination among women continues in the Indian Act.

Aside from her own work, McIvor has been involved in various cases where the law discriminates against aboriginal women.

She speaks for women like Helen Betty Osborne and Minnie Sutherland, women who had no voice.

In November, 1971, Osborne was abducted and brutally murdered near The Pas, Manitoba. Sixteen years later, only one of her four attackers was convicted. The problem, according to McIvor, was that nobody cared because she was an "Indian" woman.

Though many people in the town knew who had murdered Osborne, only one person came forward with information.

Minnie Sutherland, McIvor argues, was killed by the system. She was hit by a car in Hull after leaving a bar on New Year's Eve in 1988. Instead of tending to her, police who were directing traffic dragged her to the side of the road and left her in a snowbank where her cousin, who was also at the bar, found her.

Eventually, Sutherland wound up alone at a hospital in Ottawa. No one there knew what had happened to her or that she had a severe head injury, which masked itself with symptoms of drunkenness.

Sullivan died two weeks after she was admitted to the hospital.

The case might have seemed to be nothing more than police disregarding a drunk person on a busy night except for a single word uttered over the police radio: "Squaw."

"In my opinion, her value wasn't thought to be great enough that anyone would put an effort into helping her," said McIvor.

During the inquisition, racism wasn't considered, not until McIvor pointed out that one of the police officers referred to Minnie as a "squaw."

"A lot of assumptions were made about Minnie just by looking at her," said McIvor.

McIvor uses cases like these to educate the court system about aboriginal history.

During several inquisitions, she has introduced sociological history.

At first, the court wasn't ready to hear it. Contrary to common practice, judges refused to look McIvor in the eye during her presentations and didn't ask her any questions.

But she felt a victory when she later saw wording from her recommendations in other judgements.

That kind of change gives her hope for the future.

"I still have faith the justice system will uphold our rights, and the courts are a counter-balance to politicians who see our plight and the discrimination and who will do nothing to help us unless forced by the courts to do so."

Hopefully, that will also change the lack of respect for Indigenous women in political negotiations as well.

In 1992, the Native Women's Association of Canada (NWAC) took the federal government to court for funding equal to what it gave men's groups and a seat at the table during constitutional talks. Several courts and two years later, the Supreme Court of Canada ruled against NWAC, saying the men could speak for the women.

Not only did NWAC lose the case, but one of their well-known lawyers was disrespected in federal appeals court.

While NWAC lawyer Mary Eberts spoke, the judge and Ian Scott, former Ontario minister responsible for native affairs, made snyde remarks to one another, said McIvor, who was in the court.

She had never been treated that way in a court before, McIvor said.

Hope for further changes to the Indian Act lies in the recent six-month review of Indian women and the Indian Act. Mavis Erickson, B.A., LL.B., LL.M., an aboriginal woman practising law in Prince George, B.C. handed her report to the Minister of Aboriginal Affairs and Northern Development Robert D. Nault before the last federal election.

What changes she has suggested remain to be seen, but said it addresses the discrimination Canadian legislators have been ignoring or perpetuating for the past 132 years.

Ecofeminism: a global pursuit for democracy

Sandilands focused on how feminism has understood itself as a democratic project, particularly how ecofeminism has wanted to expand its notions of citizenship to include different types of experience, different types of speech, and different types of actors.

by Laura Keble

The ecofeminist movement needs to draw people together from around the world says Catriona Sandilands, who spoke on the subject at UVic March 7.

Sandilands focused on how feminism has understood itself as a democratic project, particularly how ecofeminism has wanted to expand its notions of citizenship to include different types of experience, different types of speech, and different types of actors.

An associate professor in the Faculty of Environmental Studies at York University, Sandilands is a visiting professor in UVic's Women's Studies department and the author of *The Good-Natured Feminist: Ecofeminism and the Quest for Democracy*.

Ecofeminism was born when feminists took interest in ecological politics. "In the 70s, the environmental movement was a lot more marginal and radical than it is now, although even by 1970, at the first Earth day, there was a lot of institutionalisation," she said.

"As a result of the mainstream ecological politics, particularly in the US, many women started to use some of the critiques developed in the anti-militarist and peace movements for the task of challenging ecological politics."

Many ecofeminists argue that because both women and the environment have experienced oppression by men, we are close relations.

Sandilands disagrees. "I find that kind of language very problematic. But then, it's amazing that we can think of the world, the natural world, as a sort of democratic participation and citizenship."

She also said the concept of world-wide ecofeminism is debatable because of cultural perspectives. "I find it problematic to look at a movement in India, for example, from my perspective of a white, western feminist, and say, 'Oh, good, there's a bunch of women and they're hugging trees, therefore it's an ecofeminist movement. I think that white western feminists have a great deal to learn, but I'm not sure it's fair to call it feminist or ecofeminist."

A graduate of UVic's Sociology department, Sandilands moved to York University for her post-graduate education. She has worked in Clayoquot Sound and has been active with the Green Party for many years. An early interest in the environment and feminism drew her to the merged field of ecofeminism.

Sandilands will be at UVic until the end of the semester.

Selling my soul

continued from page 4

This aspect of my work actually reduces my own personal alienation on the job. I may feel like part of the self-consciously hip, lowest-common-denominator decor, but at least it is a professional service image rather than a sexual one. Informally, of course, there are other requirements for servers. Servers tend to be young, white, fit, slim and heterosexual. I have worked some very 'out' queer people, but they have been, without fail, 'masculine' men and 'feminine' women. There is no one on the floor who is too far from 'attractive,' as measured by mainstream magazine standards. In very important ways, a server's job duties include the performance of gender, race and class-based markers and behaviours.

Why do we stay? This is a strange matter: because much of the time, I like my job and so do many of the servers with whom I work. How can I account for this fact in the face of such alienating circumstances? A sort of addiction to the server lifestyle is certainly one of the reasons servers stay serving. But the bottom line is about money. Money, money, money! And this is where the corporation, for all its efforts, loses some of its clout. If it were not for tips, most of us would find easier and less stressful jobs that didn't keep us up until one a.m. and ruin our lower backs. And this is key: the company is my employer, but they do not pay my rent. My reliance on tips means that in the workplace, my loyalty is divided. This division of loyalty can be utilized and exploited in a variety of ways by servers in their efforts to retain power.

Sometimes waitressing is fun, sometimes it's degrading. Most times I feel like an actor, the events and dialogue rolling off me like water off a duck. I function; I have a laugh; I forget about it. Unionizing, labour rights, co-operatives, communism and insurrection may get talked about over beers at the pub, but for many of us, serving is what we do on the side in addition to school, family, art and travel. So we don't bother. Big companies rely on this fact: I don't take my job too seriously. As time goes by, perhaps I think about my job more deeply, but I invest less of myself.

I used to resist the fact, but I have to face it: I am a waitress. It is something of a double-edged sword, this Privilege, this pretty, young, white face of mine; it's luck, it's irritating, it's a box called girl, but it pays the rent.

Web commerce isn't just boy's play

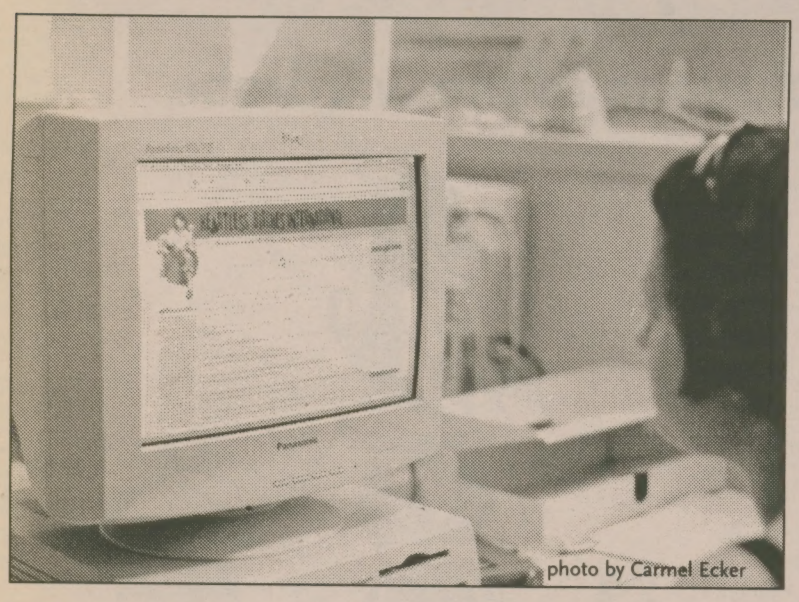


photo by Carmel Ecker

by Brenda Martin

The Internet is more female-friendly (because we are becoming more powerful) but still bad for the poor (because they aren't becoming richer). What a shame. (Oops, I almost typed sham.)

My hunt for women's web sites began at www.springboard.ca, a Rogers Media site. They have three sections right now: wellness (a fitness plan), money (the site is sponsored by two investment companies) and living space (how to decorate your home). If the site takes off, they hope to add fashion and beauty.

It is nice to know I can still be defined by the colour of my throw pillows and the size of my thighs.

However, with a little searching, I found some sites created by women for women rather than by corporations for some bizarre focus-group construction.

www.webgrrls.com: This site links women across North America and unites them under the goal of succeeding, or rather triumphing, in the computer industry.

www.journeywoman.com: An informative and mirthful site that offers travel ideas and insight to women planning to travel alone. Traveling women relate their experience and give their advice.

www.nativeweb.org/resources: A good jumping-off-point for resources for native women. There isn't much in the way of entertainment but there's lots of information, including a link to an employment site and a variety of political voices.

www.coolwomen.org: "We believe that every girl & woman in Canada has an interesting story to tell and we can learn a great deal from each other by sharing those stories." It just gets better from there – art, profiles, women's events bulletin board and a chat room.

www.groovyannies.com: A site that links lesbians across Canada. An insane amount of lesbian-centred information and resources are available on this very up-to-date site. The site covers lesbian-related legal issues, workplace support and pride week info., as well as fun with comics, 'zines and movie reviews.

www.heartless-bitches.com: BITCH: Being In Total Control, Honey. For the alternative/ranting woman, this site is a great interactive place to share opinions and see what's up in the culture scene.

www.msu.edu/user/eisthen/yeast/: Yeast infections – everything you've wanted to know and much more in an informal, laughing-at-ourselves tone. Home remedies and a link to the Monistat page, this site covers every aspect of an itchy cunt.

www.swc-cfc.gc.ca/direct.html: Very serious but very helpful. Their goal is to "support action by women's organizations and other partners seeking to advance equality for women by addressing women's economic, social, political and legal situation."

www.zip.com.au/~korman/rape/index.html: This is a comprehensive rape site that focuses on resources for rape survivors and their loved ones, ways to help fight rape, a forum for discussion and much more.

www.womenshealthmatters.ca/: A Canadian website from the University of Toronto, and Sunnybrook and Women's College Health Sciences Centre, this site is available in English and French and a reliable source of information.

http://www.cwhn.ca/: A Canadian magazine-style web site that has lots of links as well as some interesting articles about a variety of women's health issues in Canada. You can access this site in English and French.

www.womens-health.com/: This is an American site based out of Colorado. It's attractive and has a lot of interesting information. It's an interactive site so you can chat with other North American women about health issues.

www.umiacs.umd.edu/users/sawweb/sawnet/: South Asian Women's NETwork has everything from books on a variety of subjects to lesbian issues and legal help. Definitely an extensive resource for women with a South Asian background.

www.un.org/womenwatch/: The United Nations Women Watch has information on women's issues throughout the world as well as women's global conferences. You can search for country-specific information and participate in on-line forums. UN job opportunities are also available here.

www.sul.stanford.edu/depts/ssrg/kkerns/wcolor.html: The Feminist Studies Collections site is full of Internet resources for women of all nationalities and ethnic backgrounds. There is an extensive list of links here including ethics and gender newswatch.

These are just a sample of the resources available to women in cyberspace. The best way to find a website that represents you is to get onto a search engine like google.com and type in keywords for issues that matter to you. You will probably get more women-specific sites if you also type in 'women' as part of your search.

Federal government accused of trafficking Filipino women in home care program

by Julia Christensen

VANCOUVER (CUP) – A modern day hero. That is what Diana Rodriguez (not her real name) is called by the government of her home country, the Philippines.

Women like Rodriguez, who work abroad as nannies, helped the Philippines stay afloat during Asia's 1996 financial crisis. By sending more than $8 billion US to the Philippines in remittances each year, overseas Filipinos, particularly women working as domestic workers, saved the country's economy from what could have been a stifling blow.

However, there is a great deal of irony in glorifying the situation of Filipino domestic workers, especially in Canada. Critics accuse the Live-In Caregiver Program (LCP) of not only promoting the global trafficking of Filipino women, but also of systemically marginalising them, both economically and socially. Many women's groups also oppose the Filipino government's encouragement of such programs, saying these women are treated as modern-day slaves.

The LCP is a federal visa program, administered by Citizenship and Immigration Canada. Under the program women must work as live-in caregivers for two years within a window of 36 months. Upon completion, the nannies may apply for landed immigration status.

Thousands of university-educated Filipino women come to Canada each year to work as nannies in middle and upper-class homes. Many of these women battle depression from lonliness and isolation, not to mention the stress of being on call 24 hours a day.

Rodriguez is young and well-educated. She came to work in Canada so she could contribute financially to her family at home, receive further education and create a better life for herself.

Trained in the Philippines as a computer programmer, a lack of employment opportunities left Rodriguez unable to find a suitable job. The only option, it seemed, was to follow her two older sisters and look for domestic work overseas.

"I didn't have a choice," she says. "Even though I have a profession, I couldn't actually use it because there aren't any jobs."

Rodriguez came to Canada in 1997 to work for an affluent family in White Rock, British Columbia. Paid an hourly wage of $5, she was responsible for looking after four children, cooking meals for the family and doing all the housekeeping. She says it was not uncommon to be left with the children until midnight while the parents worked late or were out with friends. She says she was not paid for overtime.

"I didn't know my rights," says Rodriguez. "I was new in Canada, of course I had to agree to that [wage] because I didn't know the minimum wage. They didn't pay me overtime because I didn't know they had to."

Two years later, Rodriguez learned from a friend that she was being grossly underpaid. Nothing changed after she talked to her employers. Months away from completing the LCP, Rodriguez did not want to jeopardize her relationship with her employers.

"I couldn't do anything because I needed my landed [immigration] status so I had to stay there," she says.

Even though LCP stresses that work contracts must comply with Canadian labour standards, and encourages caregivers to know their rights, Rodriguez's story is all too common.

Geraldine Pratt, a UBC geography professor, has researched the situation of Filipino domestic workers in Vancouver.

According to Pratt, the dissolution of boundaries between home and workplace created by the live-in requirement can lead to added stress for domestic workers.

"Because the nanny lives inside the house she can't quite escape from the demands of the family," says Pratt. It is this lack of "escape" that makes it easy for employers to stretch the workday or increase the workload. In more severe cases, Pratt says, the live-in situation has allowed for physical, sexual and/or verbal abuse.

Pratt's research has also focussed on how Filipino nannies are perceived in comparison to nannies from Europe or Australia. She noted a difference in wages and in what is asked of the Filipino nanny.

"They're treated much more like servants than the classic au pair," says Pratt.

Private nanny agencies, most of which are located in Hong Kong or Singapore, may perpetuate these stereotypes. With their applications for employment, agencies often ask Filipino women to "include pictures of themselves, not only holding a baby, but also on their hands and knees, scrubbing the floor," says Pratt.

"There is that kind of expectation that you get... full-service with Filipino women whereas with the European nannies, they're there to care for your children, maybe wash the children's clothes or cook the children's dinner, but that's it."

After they have completed their terms with the LCP, Filipino women tend to continue working in lower-level service sector jobs, despite their often impressive credentials. This is the combined result of de-skilling (their credentials from the Philipines aren't recognized here) and being unable to save enough money for education after paying for immigration application costs and sending money home.

However, Maria Callagon, program coordinator for the Canada-Filipino Support Services Centre, believes LCP should continue because it provides Filipino women with a chance for a better future.

"I think it's a privilege for women," says Callagon.

But critics argue the LCP is inherently destructive, segregating Filipino women through a system of legislated marginalization. They are frustrated with the stories of abuse and the violations of labour rights.

Rodriguez, however, is one of the lucky ones. While her brothers and sisters support her family at home, she is currently taking courses to update her skills. In April, Rodriguez received landed immigration status, a process that cost her almost $2000. Since then, she has become an active member in a Filipino migrant workers' organization, working to educate domestic workers about their rights.

R.A.D.

A simple, effective and unique self-defense course designed specially for women. Rape Aggression Defense is a 12-hour course which takes place on campus over 4 evenings of 3 hour sessions. Campus Security Services offers RAD courses monthly from September to April every year. It is team taught by certified instructors ina safe and structured atmosphere. RAD requires no additional skills or specific fitness level. RAD provides effective options by teaching women to take an active role in their own self defense and psychological well being. Next course is March 27th, 28th, 28th, April 3rd & April 4th, 2001. For more information contact UVic's Personal Safety Coordinator at 721-8981.

Den mother starts her own biz

by Gillian Jerome

photo by Carmel Ecker

When Loulou Borys talks about painting, she becomes cartoon-like: her hoop earrings bounce and as she tilts her head side to side, the pile of hair she's looped into a bun spills over. When she speaks about turning 40 and not knowing what to do with herself, the laughter lines around her brown eyes crinkle and her rubber-band smile pops out like bright lips on a 3-D greeting card.

"I went through menopause and thought, 'What am I doing [now that my kids are gone]?" I'm always doodling and my husband said, "Why don't you paint it?'"

So paint it she did: a mural the 52-year-old emerging artist calls a "spiritual swamp" lining the west wall at Vertigo. Today she's mucking about with acrylics adding another four hours, unpaid, to the 110 she's already invested into the mural.

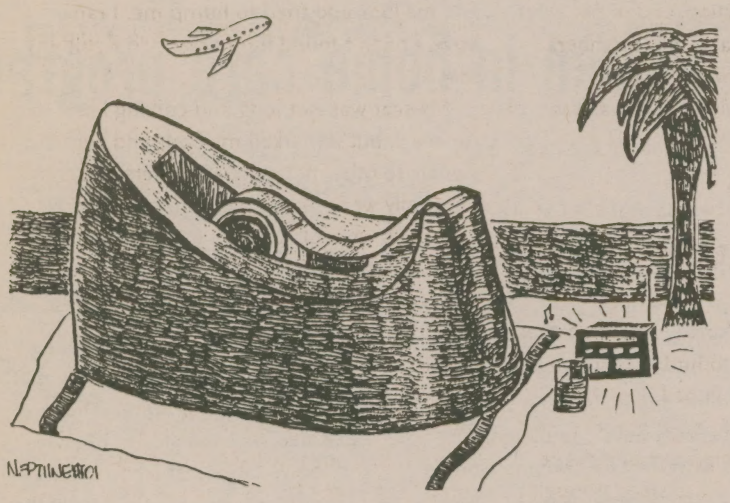
A co-owner of Artistic Production Services, Loulou has spent ten years operating the sound and light systems in Felicita's and Vertigo. With all the musicians streaming through and the pace of a typical night, she says, your work fades into the background.

"You get totally ignored. One time this guy in a band thanked everybody working here – he even thanked the cigarette machine – before he thanked me."

But it's worth it. "I love the people here. I'm grateful to be asked to do this. I want the students to appreciate another world beyond this one. That's what I'm trying to get across."

Loulou says she'll paint anything: paddles, t-shirts, even mousepads. She won't sell all her work though. She saves her most prized projects for her two grown children and their families to appreciate.

Interested in a sample of her work? Call her at 384-0227.



A woman's key to survival

Finding life's solutions in the wardrobe

All you need to survive:
Three Black Skirts
Anna Johnson
Workman, New York,
2000

by Jessica Gin-Jade Chan

I try to put lots of faith into the feminine state of mind. I believe girls can be brought up on Barbies but still be intelligent and steady adults. I believe lipstick is an excellent substitute for crayons and perfume is a great social buffer when you are overworked and haven't showered in days.

I believe the consumers of feminine tools have a sense of humour. They have to. You can't see an eyelash curler as just an eyelash curler. If you use it, you have to use it for its deeper implications.

There are non-stop press releases that come through *the Martlet* fax and mail: more Spice Girls ("Pick up Girl Power!") and the Phoenix Publicity department mailing me press kits with frog-shaped candy.

I hope there's greater significance to all these events. Ethical humans don't offer free candy to unsuspecting editors unless they've got a good reason.

Last week, the fax machine finally churned out something different. Something about the real meaning behind laundry soap and silk shawls. Glancing at it, I saw that it was another book promotion. I tossed it into the already full recycling bin. The paper fell out and I was forced to re-read the release.

Three Black Skirts is a refreshing look at the condiments of modern female life, from the secrets behind a ladies' maid to bleach. It sounded angry. Pro-feminist. Pro-activist. *Martlet* material. I ordered the book. I didn't expect its cover to be Barbie-doll pink.

Three Black Skirts is no feminist satire or parody. It expresses the need for three black skirts: one for success, one for seduction, and one for slobbing out. I'm still not sure why the shortest skirt is for pigging out in front of the tv, but if a book is going to talk about seed pearls being a cheap solution to diamonds, escalating hem lengths can pass as a source of comic relief.

Written by London-born Anna Johnson, a journalist with bylines in such fare as *Vogue Australia*, *Vogue UK*, *Vanity Fair*, *ELLE* and *Marie Claire*, the book is an amusing read if you hold a grain of salt tucked under your tongue.

I learned never to iron velvet, how to antique shop and style killer cornrow hair. Looking chic always requires clothes to be half a size bigger than the actual body, and first-date sex cons generally involve shallow men.

Hailing a cab can be a sexy activity (when alone). A woman with one hand on her hip and one thrust to the sky is supposed to look so bossy and forceful that any man would want to share her taxi. That being said, I suppose the reality of running after accelerating cabbies and squealing, "Taxi! Taxi!" comes across as being cute.

I am now well armed if my partner ever decides to break-up with me. Smudgy eyeliner and a kick-ass red lipstick will blow divorce depression out of the window. In the meantime, my boyfriend wants me to style his afro with my new cornrow-management skills.

I've learned so many life skills it's almost a pity I'm not having a personal crisis right now. I know how to find a stud under a wall or on the street. I already own the key to seducing new men – a long, sleek black skirt, which I should probably send my aunt for Christmas as an endeavour to save her marriage.

I am no longer afraid of the blusher. I'm confident that my tanned skin would make me look even more country with a swipe of coral powder across my nose. While it is important for me to appear urbane and sophisticated when running after a cab, my possessing a shy blush between the jawline, bosoms and temples will all make me alluring.

My luncheon is going to be a blast this week. I'm only going to serve tomatoes. It will be easy on my wallet and it won't look cheap because I am going to respect the character of each ingredient I put into my tomato dish. I've decided that the dish has to be a cold one in order to respect my busy schedule. I only have to sit my tomatoes in sea salt, sugar, olive oil and balsamic vinegar for ten minutes before serving.

If anything, *Three Black Skirts* is a good book for save-your-life recipes. I've already picked the salad with raw walnuts and cut mandarin slices as a back-up dish. Now, my life is so organized, the only thing I have left to do is to get this article into *the Martlet* on time. Life is pink. Life is perfect.

Living with transparent scars

by Geraldine S. Parkwheeler

The first time I acknowledged that my father fingered me was when Amelia showed me her scar: a long skinny affair stretching from ear to neck where her assaulter had slashed her with a broken compact mirror.

Amelia was under my charge in the sexual assault center I volunteered for. She said the assaulter had pinned her to the staircase leading to her flat and thrust his pelvis on her hips. Her struggle to escape resulted in the snake-like scar. She cried, hiding her face in the cushion on her lap. I soothed her damp hair. She was upset by her assaulter's parting remark: he told her she was unloved by men because she resisted too much. Amelia was eighteen and had no boyfriend.

That night, I returned home to my father's daily back massage. I thanked my lucky stars for having a loving father as he rubbed the small of my back, massaged my spinal cord, and slipped his fingers to probe my chest while I pretended to be asleep.

I always pretended to be asleep when my father entered my room. He would settle by my bedside, look at me lying on top of the bedclothes, give a paternal sigh and then draw a blanket up only to my thighs. You must use your blanket else you will catch cold. You must be tired, he always asked, to which I never answered. I was supposed to be too tired to talk, too tired to be present in the room with him. My father would sigh as if I had answered, and tell me he would give me a massage. I know school is hard, he would say. Sitting at the desk all day will give you a humped back. You need to protect your back now when you're young, he always said, emphasizing his concern by vigorously applying the body chi he gained through his Tai Chi practice on my bare back and sliding his hot fingers under my pajama-bottoms.

Father practiced a lot of Tai Chi when I went to secondary school. His martial art practice was supposed to improve his health and increase his meditative tolerance against daily stresses, such as when I dropped an egg on his house slippers, or when my mother refused to sleep in the same bed as him.

At thirteen, I attended a secondary prep school famous for producing the highest record of distinctions outside Britain. The Special Assistance Plan was sought-after by parents. It prepared its students for the worst exam scenarios, from practicing a ten-year series of past exam questions to threading the string through all the answer sheets just right so the papers wouldn't fall apart before they reached the British customs.

SAP schools had a reputation to maintain, and they maintained it in different ways. My SAP school maintained its formidable front to the parents by awarding detention to couples who engaged in physical affection. Physical engagements would lower academic performance levels, students were told. Girlfriend-boyfriend relationships were unhealthy because they took up excess time that could be used for homework revision. Holding hands inside the school grounds earned students a lecture, holding hands outside the school grounds warranted public shaming during the weekly assemblies: we found this boy and girl holding hands, tarnishing our school image. The assembly would be regaled with the details of your physical involvement, reported according to the observer who caught you. Smoking became second to kissing as a popular activity in the school toilets. There were no smooch alarms, but the authorities caught students all the same. The offense was considered worse if students were wearing the school uniform during the crime. The punishment was no worse if students were in plain clothes; they could have been seen kissing, necking, holding hands, and doing the good stuff by people who knew they attended the school.

In my four years with SAP, I was specially assisted with the art of female virtue. By the time I left at age 16, I had mastered all the elements: skirts always four fingers below the knee, hair cut severely across my forehead (none of that flyaway look that was favored in fashion magazines), knees always together, hands behind my back. I felt pure and virginal. I liked feeling pure and virginal. I always held back as a girl should. I never went on dates. I knew that kissing was the first step to getting pregnant. I knew that I could make "little dollies" for so much as touching a boy. Obviously, most girls did not take the discipline master's words literally, but I did. I went home crying when the discipline master pointed out that I was being promiscuous by wearing a flowered bra under my white school blouse which had been worn thin. On the way home, I worried about getting raped by some stranger who found transparent blouses and white bras with tulips alluring. That night, each night, I returned home to be massaged by my father.

College applications came. Father told me to strengthen my applications by including some community work on my application form. I started volunteering at the local sexual assault center to obtain a reference.

I needed this danger, this imbalance in my life, to survive.

I wasn't prepared for the sex I had to hear about. My secondary school had banned the three-lettered word from the classrooms. I had seen a video clip on coping with menstruation cramps "down there", but I didn't know what was "down there."

The center started me out with filing, sending mail-outs and answering telephones in the reception room. In the meantime, I was being trained to be an empathetic crisis supporter. The women who came through my department in my first months were mostly victims of sexual violence. Strangers in dark parking lots, staircases, and elevator shafts had attacked the majority of them. I helped the department compile a safety pamphlet with tips on navigating high-rise buildings.

Amelia was placed under my charge six months into my term with the center. She had been transferred from the Domestic Support department, which specialized in aiding battered wives. Amelia had never been married. Her assaulter had been her brother. She was what the centre called "a survivor of assault." My job was to help her continue to survive. To all appearances, Amelia did not look traumatized. Her scar was always carefully hidden under her hair, which she wore long even in the near tropical temperature of 35 degrees. In our sessions together, she seldom spoke of the assault she was surviving. Instead, she told me about how she wanted to be trained to help other survivors and about the men who rejected her. She only showed me her scar once in our two years of support sessions. On that occasion, she told me I was lucky not to have such a scar.

I was lucky not to have a scar. My father never pressed hard enough to dent me because he massaged me out of love. His gentleness told me his probing fingers couldn't be assault. My father understood how stressful it was to be a student. He wanted to ease my life by helping me relax. I appreciated his concern, as good daughters should do. I did not like his massages but I continued to let him probe me. Everything was fine. Father only touched me in the name of love. He left no violent marks.

Unfortunately, the mark of sexual assault is not always visible. Assault does not always leave scars like Amelia's, but marks the victim in unseen ways. I acknowledged the fact that my father fingered me, but it I refused to see the implications of his actions. I did not want to face the knowledge that family members could commit assault. The self-blame surrounding that acknowledgment was too great. I did not want to think I lured my father to my bed. I didn't want to hurt my mother by letting her find out, but I hoped that she would walk in one night to prevent the massages. I wanted the nightly massages to stop on their own. I wanted to sleep through the massages and wake up one morning to know that they were finally gone. I wanted to remain pure and free of guilt, scar-free. To maintain this, I never spoke to my father about his nightly visits. I trained myself to live with the extra element of fear. My greatest fear was putting words to his actions.

I only found my assault scar two years after I acknowledged my father's nightly fingerings. I was nineteen and living by myself in a foreign country. I was seeing a boy who knew so much about sex that he constantly wanted to show me. I wasn't interested. "You're still a virgin because you haven't been with me. You'll want sex after I show you." He was certain. I didn't want to argue. I just wanted to go to sleep and let the problem disappear. The problem didn't disappear. He was so certain about his concept that he pinned me down one night and entered me while I blanked myself out and counted the glow-in-the-dark stars on the ceiling. In the next two weeks, I added different colored stars and rearranged the glow stars on my ceiling into constellations.

I was unhappy, but I attributed this to my boyfriend's inattentiveness to me during the day. At night, he came to me even if I said no. "I can't control my urge like you can because I am a guy. I need this," he told me. "So go masturbate," I retorted. I didn't know I meant it then. The boy always dismissed my resistance. How could I not love him, the Sex God? He always entered me. I counted the stars in hope that they would make me fall asleep. I still hadn't learned how to arrange the glowing constellations to change the course of my life.

The guy dumped me because I was "boring in bed". I refused to jump on him or position myself face down. I needed my stars. I had become like Amelia. Unloved by men because I resisted too much. I wanted to prove this otherwise. I went out with another guy I didn't really like two days after the break-up. Our first date was a walk around the university campus, when he forced me against the fine arts mailbox and tried to hump me. I ran away. I hadn't found intimacy. I had found my scar.

My scar was not long and curving like Amelia's, but it marked my body and sent out signals to other potential assaulters. I was too physically weak to stay away from dangerous situations where I could be assaulted. I walked in dark alleys and went on dates with strange men. Danger attracted me because it was a norm I was used to with my father. I needed this danger, this imbalance in my life to survive. It wasn't because the imbalance made me happy. I just had no idea how to live without the dangerous element that something in my life could erupt any moment. I didn't really want anything bad to happen to me. I just needed to live with the idea that something bad could happen. Something bad, like being reported necking in the toilets at secondary school, or having my mother find out about my father's massages.

I put myself in situations where I could be assaulted, even though I didn't want the actual assault to happen. I didn't know how to choose my boyfriends. I needed to recreate the emotional imbalance I had while living with my father. I needed to believe a man could love me even if I didn't respond during sex.

My discovery alarmed me. I wanted to heal. I wanted to heal so badly that told my history to a guy who asked me out on a date. That night, he climbed in my open window and tried to get himself off on my sleeping body by humping my bum. I still sent of the signal of assault: Come get me, I've been broken before. I'm easy prey. I stopped telling strangers about my experience. I approached the UVic sexual assault center.

Today, I know that there are periods where I might relapse and slide back into self-denial. I also know that I have the strength to overcome those periods of denial because I took the first step to recognize my scar. Today, I write this from a body that has closed over my vulnerability. I am still marked with the signs of assault, but I have learned to control these signs and I am still surviving.

Spotlight on Stephany Mathias: film, politics and chiefhood

by Miranda Post

Communicating is in Stefany Mathias' blood. The girl who my grandmother took every chance to tell me about while I was in a hick-town high school struggling between being good and getting out and being bad and staying put, Mathias was "so beautiful, extroverted, intelligent," a shining example of the virtues of getting out of my small hometown.

This film maker, screenwriter, actress and hereditary chief took time to answer some of my pesky questions last Monday. We talked about her career, astrological sign and reflections on our shared hometown: Merritt, B.C.

"Right now I am still working on the same script. I'm trying to get some funding," Mathias said.

The script is for *Native Land*, a tale of a Cherokee-Navajo woman who looses herself in the city and goes back to her community to find herself and her land.

Last year Mathias' screenplay for *Native Land* was accepted into the prestigious, week-long Sundance Institute Screenwriting Lab.

During her week in Park City, Utah, Mathias worked one-on-one with the likes of screenwriters John August (*Go*) and Howard Rodman (*Joe Gould's Secret*).

That was last June. Since then, the 28 year-old Mathias has been as busy as ever working part time for the Squamish First Nation while producing various film projects.

Mathias and her fiancée just finished an informational video on the Squamish Nation's land claim.

"We needed to communicate this information quickly and effectively, the video seemed to be the best medium," said Mathias.

While the information video was for mostly for educational distribution among Squamish First Nation members, Mathias has also produced two segments for the Aboriginal Television Network as well as a segment VTV's First Story.

When I asked about how she balances the spheres of chiefhood and film creation her reply was simple, "I guess I just do it...its a tough question because there is just so much to do in both areas."

Her first Nations mentors have have been really supportive of her pursuits in the film industry.

As a native filmmaker she has also faced questions of whether or not she wants to stick to movies about native issues. "I don't want to be pigeon-holed into doing only First Nations stories but being a writer I draw on personal experiences, that which are inherently First Nations experiences...First and foremost I'm a female human being," Mathias said.

> I don't want to be pigeon-holed into doing only First Nations stories but being a writer I draw on personal experiences, that which are inherently First Nations experiences...First and foremost I'm a female human being.
>
> *Stephany Mathias*

"Its about listening to the stories I have to tell that are inside of me.

"I'm not a political chief – my focus is in the film area... I can run for council but its not something I want to do. I keep abreast of the issues and use them for communicating and cultural activities within the community," said Mathias.

Though she doesn't have an interest in running for political office, the stories that Mathias chooses to tell in her film work can have political and social consequence.

As a hereditary chiefs we can voice our opinions of issues, said Mathias.

Both her parents were talkers too. Her mother, Janice Antoine, is the principal of Coldwater Band School. Her father was Joe Mathias, the outspoken arbiter for land claim disputes between the federal government and first nations groups across Canada.

Muslim women at UBC denounce Western stereotypes of Islam

by Daliah Merzaban

VANCOUVER (CUP) – Ignorant. Secluded. Oppressed. Backward. Mute. Victim. These words are often used to describe Muslim women who wear the Islamic head and body covering called the hijab.

However, for many Muslim women at the University of British Columbia, their attire offers them a unique form of spiritual identity and freedom, one they say is often misunderstood.

"I think there's a general ignorance. I think people fear things that they don't understand," says Terumi Taylor, one of many Muslim women at UBC who wear the hijab. These coverings are most commonly seen in the form of a scarf that covers the hair, neck and sometimes the chest, accompanied by various types of conservative clothing.

"Especially here, because the campus is so large... you get a lot more looks. People will stop. People will point. People will stare," says Taylor, a graduate student in microbiology.

Taylor converted to Islam several years ago and decided to adopt the hijab a year and a half ago, while attending Simon Fraser University for her undergraduate studies.

Like many Muslim women at UBC, Taylor says the misconceptions surrounding hijab are numerous, the most common of which is that hijab is forced on her and is a symbol of her ignorance and oppression by men. She says women who don't understand the significance of the attire believe most of these stereotypes.

> That you would feel I'm oppressed and not choose to give me a voice almost is that the women themselves who are fearing my oppression are oppressing me because they don't think I can speak for myself.
>
> *Terumi Taylor*

"The women themselves who are fearing my oppression are oppressing me because they don't think I can speak for myself. Even if I'm a well-educated woman and English is my first language, they still feel that somehow they still need to speak for me."

For Taylor, the foremost reason she wears hijab is to please God, an explanation she says is often insufficient for non-Muslims. She says the hijab also helps her to define herself in a diverse culture and describes her decision to don the hijab as a gradual, autonomous one.

Daphna Arbel, a UBC religious studies professor, says that despite the increasing popularity of the attire, particularly among young Muslim women, negative images associated with hijab and Islam persist.

Arbel, who teaches a course which explores the images of Eve in Judaism, Christianity and Islam, says that viewing Islam and hijab as harmful to women's rights is often misplaced and simplistic.

She explains that, in contrast to many contemporary depictions of women in Islam, the Quran, Islam's Holy Book, paints a positive picture of women.

She says that while it is not clearly dictated in the Quran that all Muslim women should wear hijab, the attire encourages modesty, a quality the Quran prescribes for both men and women.

Arbel says that in order to overcome misconceptions surrounding hijab, observers must be sensitive to the fluidity of the symbol, which varies in its implications depending on the context. Hijab, she explains, may be viewed as oppressive if forced upon women by their families or the government under which they live.

But as a matter of personal choice, hijab can represent freedom.

"If by choice, Muslim women today choose to wear [hijab], we can see it as a very positive decision which demonstrates links to identity, links to heritage, links to place of origin, family, tradition so it can be seen in a very very positive way," says Arbel.

Jewairia Hafeez and Asma Shahid, second-year UBC science students, emphasize the importance of viewing hijab as a positive form of Islamic identity.

The two women wear hijab because they say it is compulsory for Muslim women in the Quran. For them, the covering is a powerful mode of identification and carries with it many important qualities.

"Hijab is about modesty, piety and about reserving yourself for the people who really deserve you," says Hafeez, who moved to Vancouver four years ago from Brunei, where it is compulsory for girls to wear hijab in high school.

When she first moved, Hafeez stopped wearing hijab for a few months because of pressure from her non-Muslim friends. She decided to adopt the hijab again as a way to proudly assert her Muslim identity.

Shahid says donning hijab gives her greater confidence. She's been wearing the covering since grade six, when it became compulsory for girls in Saudi Arabia, where she lived for most of her life before moving to Vancouver.

"Oppression is when a woman doesn't want to do something and a man is trying to impose something on her. But in Saudi Arabia, if you go around and you ask the women, they're not oppressed," says Shahid. "It's a heritage and a religious rule and everybody's proud of it."

Meanwhile, for Taylor the hijab projects an image of professionalism and trustworthiness she did not experience before converting to Islam and adopting hijab.

"When I present myself, I'm presenting who I am, not kind of this physical manifestation of me. It's more what I'm about and what my intellect is. It becomes freeing because you can be who you are."

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Karley Stutzel in the eyes of a pool tile

by Elizabeth Willock

She walks into the pool wearing amber goggles and a black swim cap. Stealth. They call her Karley Stutzel. She comes to swim.

One of the many tiles at Saanich Commonwealth Place pool, I can see the focus in her eyes as she swims past me.

She's here every morning at 5:15 a.m. She leaves but then returns to tackle my space again in the afternoon. She's relentless. Ten workouts a week, five in the morning and five in the afternoon. Something inside pushes her on to continue.

Some of the other tiles ask me what she's all about. They think they know her, but they don't. She heads off to school during the day, no time for work. Swimming is a full time job. She's made a lot of sacrifices to be here. Some of her friends don't understand why she can't go on road trips at the mercy of bank accounts and stay out as late as they do on weeknights. They don't realize that she's got a date with me the next morning. Sometimes I think it's hard for her to see her other friends leading "normal" lives. The other swimmers understand her rigorous pace.

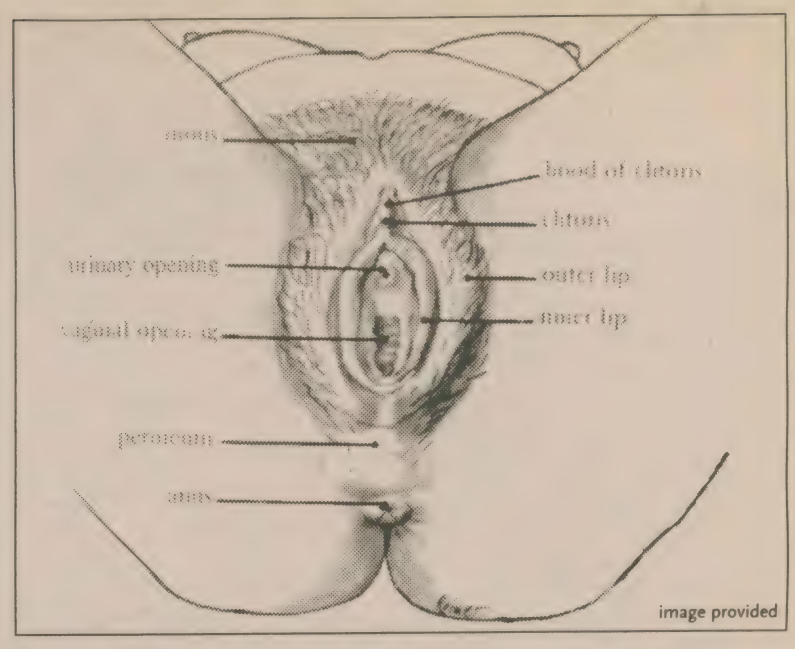
We've spent some good times together, Karley and I. She's an amazing swimmer; I hear the others talk about her, but she doesn't boast, it's not as important to her. She doesn't know her ranking, or how she's placed this season. She simply can't remember. She's one of the best, competing for UVic against Olympians at the CIAUs and missing the Olympics herself by 8/10ths of a second.

Don't worry though, she'll show them at Nationals next week. They're in Edmonton and she'll rip through the waves meeting new tiles, and then they'll wonder about her. They may find out that she loves to eat triscuits and cheese and that she only shaves for meets. When they watch her though, they'll realize that she swims because she truly loves it. The feeling of touching the wall after the last length of a workout or her body screaming for mercy after pushing it to the max in a 10km race.

Those are the things that push her through the hard times. When she doesn't swim well and has to deal with all that comes along with that.

When she slips into the pool, everything else fades away. It doesn't matter that she's a girl. The guys have the same workouts as the girls. They train in the same pool, just at different pace times. It doesn't matter how she did on her psychology exam. She still has to study like everyone else. All that matters is gliding through that water and getting lost in her own focus.

Stephany Mathias placed seventh in the 800m freestyle swim final at the 2001 Olympic youth festival, a biennial multi-sport event for Olympians-to-be, ages 14-19.



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Lascivious lips on stage

Theatre Review
Vagina Monologues
by Jill Boettger

Everyone's talking about vaginas these days. As Eve Ensler's *Vagina Monologues* sweeps across the country, the continent and the world with wild acclaim, the once unspeakable, yucky, sticky, smelly, dirty, dark and deep vagina is finally getting the recognition it deserves.

I saw the *Vagina Monologues* in Calgary with my mom – the woman whose vagina was my portal into this world – and shared in countless vagina stories with countless different women just by sitting and listening.

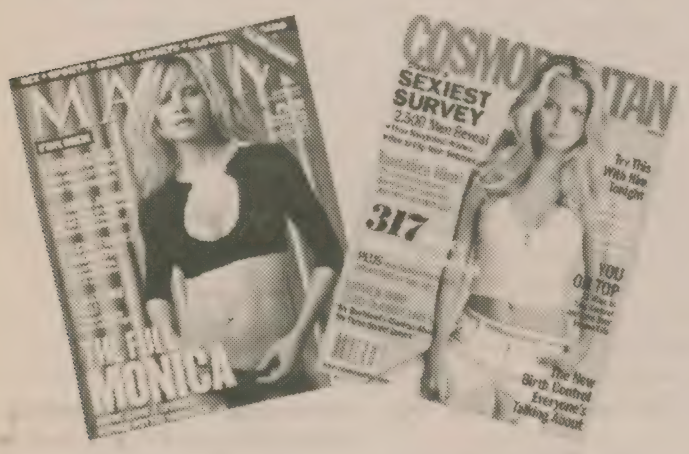
Their stories made me want to tell mine, and this sudden opening up of a secret, unspeakable world came as one big relief.

My mom, a friend and I jabbered away to each other in the car on the way home, recalling those stories closest to the surface, the ones told that night in Calgary's *The Big Secret Theater.* It wasn't until morning, once the initial rush of the performance had passed, that I wondered, *would this vagina unveiling become passé?* Would I have to shrink to fit back into a culture that refuses even to say the word ... vagina? What do vaginas care about fads or fan fare anyway? They don't just ("poof!") stop feeling forlorn, embarrassed, shamed, uncertain, abused, hateful, or meek because it's suddenly "in" to talk about them. Just as they don't stop pulsing and flooding and folding into themselves because their day in the spot light has passed.

Vaginas don't stop being young and being old and being born because of our unstable ideas. But every woman knows that her ability to cherish her entire body directly effects the kind of joy that body can experience in the world. We can take the kind of positive, joyful attention that Eve Ensler has initiated as an important step in dissolving the current cruel, yucky-vagina reputation that women carry. I drive a 1982 silver Volvo – her name is Viv, but she is also know among close friends as Vulva the Volvo. I take it as a right of passage to joke about such things, make our private parts characters in our lives, but more importantly to say the words: vulva, cervix, clitoris, labia, vagina.

We can give vaginas a new mythology, a new memory, a new personality, a new reverence and their perfect sexual, spiritual, and biological function isn't compromised. All that's compromised is an ancient precedent of shame. Having said that, I see now that I have a new liberty to uphold, a new affection for the word vagina, and a history of angst to back it up. If the pressure becomes too much, I'll just get into my Vulva and drive away.

A look at *Cosmo* versus *Maxim*



by Dena vanDalfsen

Cosmopolitan
Worldly and sophisticated.
Retail Price: $4.50 at the newsstand.
Publication Specifics: 290+ pages.
Cover Design: Female featured on cover.
Target Audience: Females 18-35 with a moderate to high-moderate income.
Reader Response (female): I read Cosmo for fashion and hair tips. Cosmo confessions and the horoscopes are fun too.
Reader Response (male): I've read Cosmo a couple of times. My friends told me its a good way to figure out what women want. That didn't work.
Staff: Much more estrogen than testosterone.
Ads: Lots.
Horoscopes: Yes.

Maxim
A brief statement of a general principle.
Retail Price: $5.99 at the newsstand.
Publication Specifics: 240 pages.
Cover Design: Female featured on cover.
Target Audience: Males 18-35 with a moderate to high-moderate income.
Reader Response (female): I've picked up *Maxim*. It's got the same entertainment stuff as *Cosmo*, but is more about women dressed skimpy than fashion.
Reader Response (male): I read *Maxim* for the cover story and to see what new tech gadgets are out there.
Staff: Almost equal estrogen and testosterone levels.
Ads: Lots.
Horoscopes: No.

It's quite obvious that *Maxim* came on the scene intending to be the masculine equivalent of *Cosmopolitan*. It is. The covers of the March issue of both these magazines are eerily similar in their use of colour. Both the magazines feature women with tossed blond hair on backgrounds of banana yellow and electric blue. The content for both publications focus largely on sex. This overwhelming emphasis on sex is disguised by throwing in a couple of fashion spreads and mind-numbing entertainment information. Does the world really need know if Courtney Cox is going to keep her own name or add Arquette onto her moniker?

I will give *Cosmo* credit in one regard: both issues did publish features on more serious matters. *Cosmo* featured an article about how a woman fell in love with a guy who is HIV-positive and overcame her fear of the disease to be with him. The article also examined her present life and gave the reader details on how she is presently coping. The article was interesting and informative. *Maxim* likewise did a tasteful article on how Eric Chism felt that as jury foreman in a murder trial, he was ultimately responsible for the death of a man he believes was wrongly convicted. The man was executed according to the recommendations brought back by the jury Chism headed. Chism believes he railroaded the other jurors into the death sentence. The article was powerful but the editors at *Maxim* undercut the effectiveness of this piece by adding a sidebar called "Next up for the toaster" and went on to describe convicted felons who deserve their death sentence.

Dismissing everything else, I have to admit that curling up with the latest issue of whatever pop cultural magazine you favour is a lot more appealing than the required texts teachers seem so fascinated with.

CFUV
101.9 FM
Victoria's Public Radio

Top Ten Playlist For Feb 23-Mar2nd
Compiled by Lindsay Cooper: Music Director

	Artist	Title	Label
1	K.C Accidental*	Anthems For The..	Noise Factory
2	Takako Minekawa	Maxi On	Emperor N...
3	Death By Chocolate	S/T	Jet Set
4	Bob Evans*	Caffeinated Coffee	Acoustic...
5	The New Year	Newness Ends	Touch & Go
6	Arab Strap	The Red Thread	Matador
7	The Slackers	Wasted Days	Epitaph
8	Tortoise	Standards	Thrill Jockey
9	Ladytron	604	Emperor N...
10	Stephen Malkmus	S/T	Matador

Ranking reflects airplay

* denotes a Canadian artist

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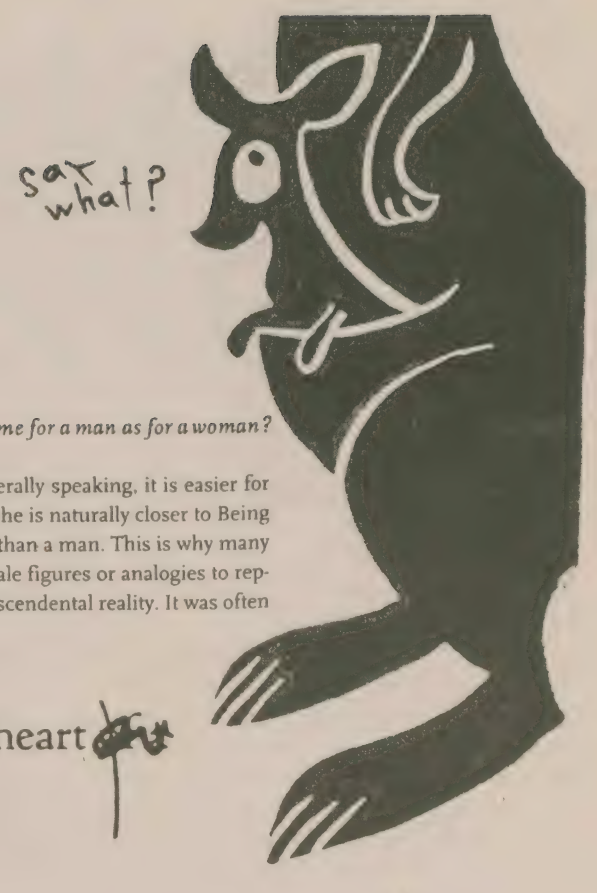
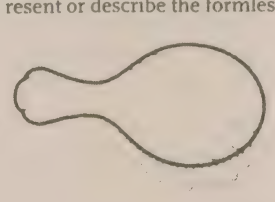
why WOMEN ARE CLOSER TO ENLIGHTENMENT

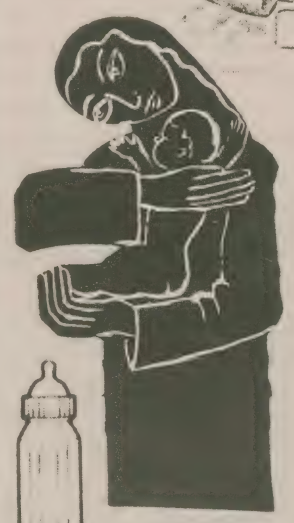


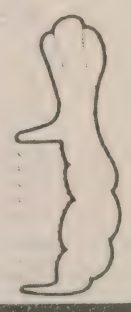
Are the obstacles to enlightenment the same for a man as for a woman?

Yes, but the emphasis is different. Generally speaking, it is easier for a woman to feel and be in her body, so she is naturally closer to Being and potentially closer to enlightenment than a man. This is why many ancient cultures instinctively chose female figures or analogies to represent or describe the formless and transcendental reality. It was often seen as a womb that gives birth to everything in creation and sustains and nourishes it during its life as form. In the *Tao Te Ching*, one of the most ancient and profound books ever written, the *Tao*, which could be translated as *Being*, is described as "infinite, eternally present, the mother of the universe." Naturally, women are closer to it than men since they virtually "embody" the Unmanifested. What is more, all creatures and all things must eventually return to the Source. "All things vanish into the Tao. It alone endures." Since the Source is seen as female, this is represented as the light and dark sides of the archetypal feminine in psychology and mythology. The Goddess or Divine Mother has two aspects: she gives life, and she takes life.

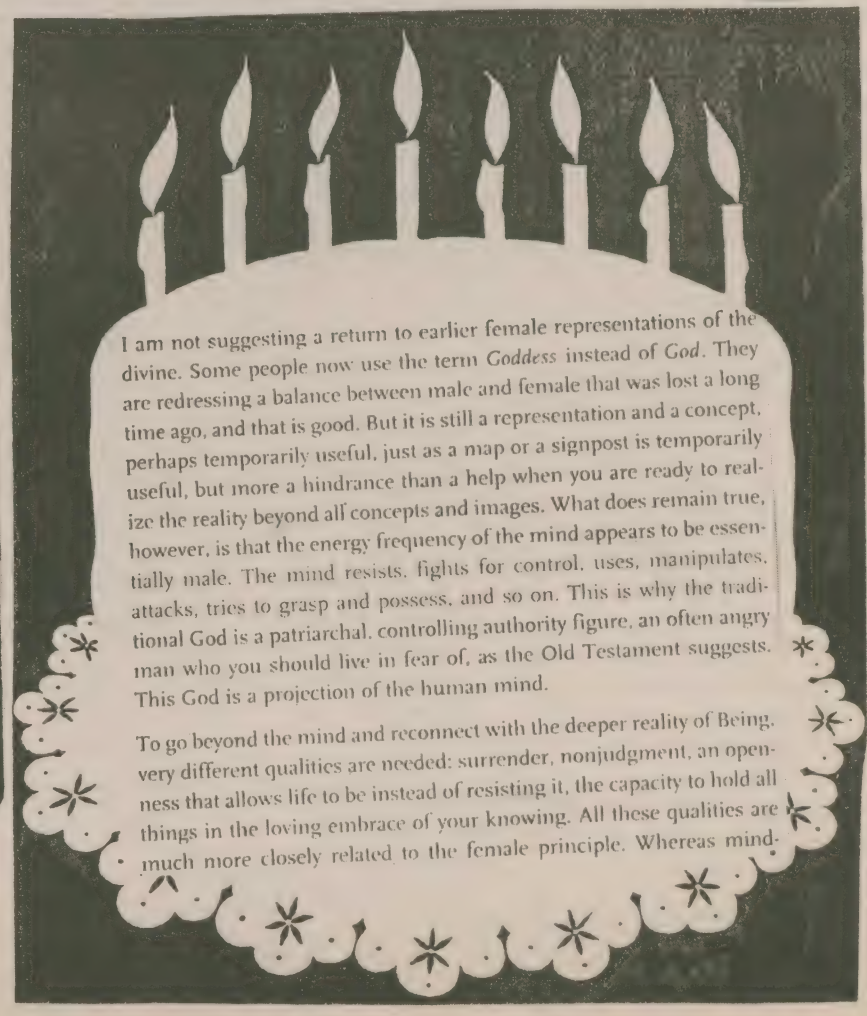


he heart





When you know that the menstrual cycle is approaching, before you feel the first signs of what is commonly called premenstrual tension, the awakening of the collective female pain-body, become very alert and inhabit your body as fully as possible. When the first sign appears, you need to be alert enough to "catch" it before it takes you over. For example, the first sign may be a sudden strong irritation or a flash of anger, or it may be a purely physical symptom. Whatever it is, catch it

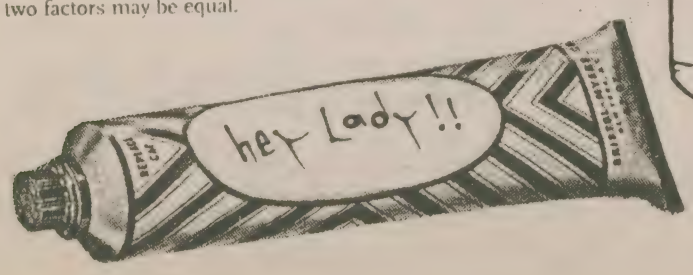


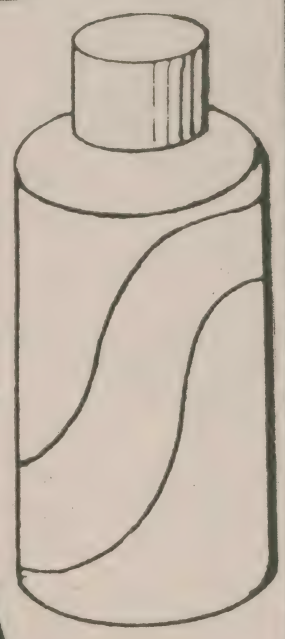
I am not suggesting a return to earlier female representations of the divine. Some people now use the term *Goddess* instead of *God*. They are redressing a balance between male and female that was lost a long time ago, and that is good. But it is still a representation and a concept, perhaps temporarily useful, just as a map or a signpost is temporarily useful, but more a hindrance than a help when you are ready to realize the reality beyond all concepts and images. What does remain true, however, is that the energy frequency of the mind appears to be essentially male. The mind resists, fights for control, uses, manipulates, attacks, tries to grasp and possess, and so on. This is why the traditional God is a patriarchal, controlling authority figure, an often angry man who you should live in fear of, as the Old Testament suggests. This God is a projection of the human mind.

To go beyond the mind and reconnect with the deeper reality of Being, very different qualities are needed: surrender, nonjudgment, an openness that allows life to be instead of resisting it, the capacity to hold all things in the loving embrace of your knowing. All these qualities are much more closely related to the female principle. Whereas mind-

energy is hard and rigid, Being-energy is soft and yielding and yet infinitely more powerful than mind. The mind runs our civilization, whereas Being is in charge of all life on our planet and beyond. Being is the very Intelligence whose visible manifestation is the physical universe. Although women are potentially closer to it, men can also access it within themselves.

At this time, the vast majority of men as well as women are still in the grip of the mind: identified with the thinker and the pain-body. This, of course, is what prevents enlightenment and the flowering of love. As a general rule, the major obstacle for men tends to be the thinking mind, and the major obstacle for women the pain-body, although in certain individual cases the opposite may be true, and in others the two factors may be equal.





Her thin skin.

tough skin,

I wish I did."

This consists of accumulated pain suffered by women partly through male subjugation of the female, through slavery, exploitation, rape, childbirth, child loss, and so on, over thousands of years.

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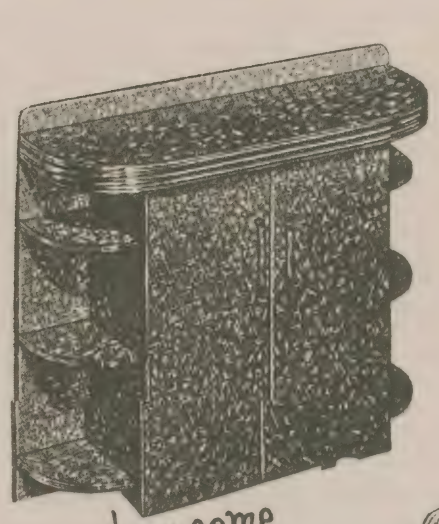
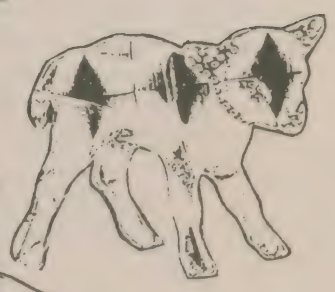
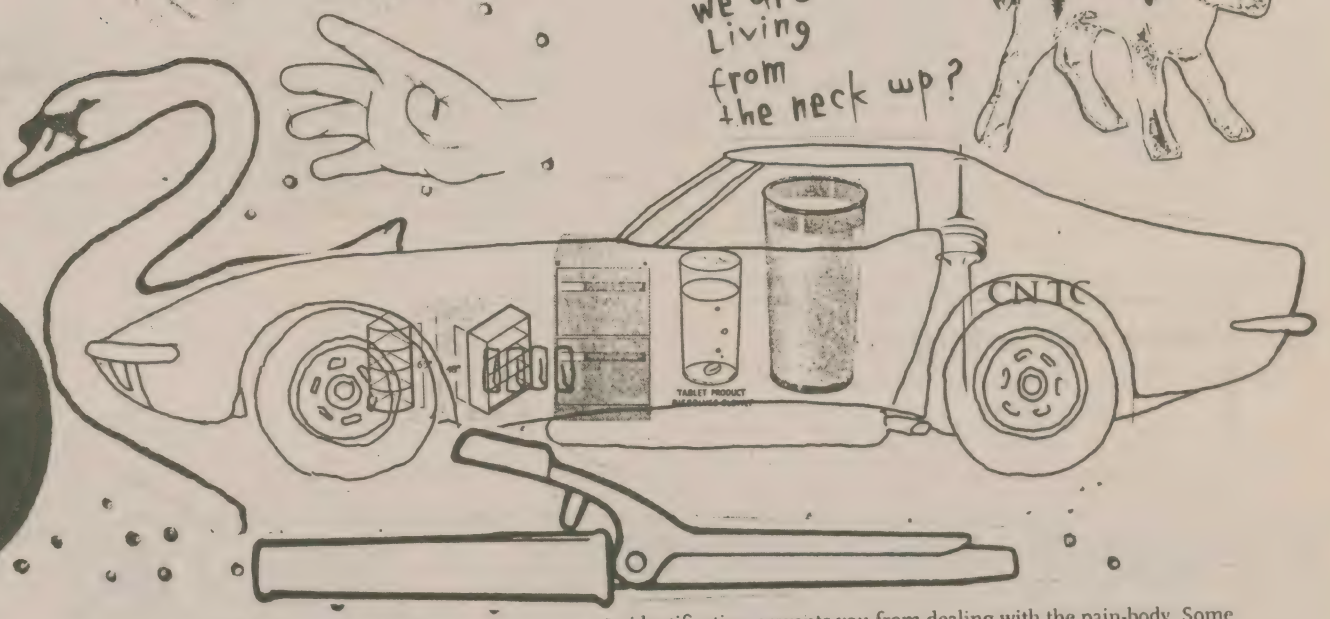
...ised your head





how come we are Living from the neck up?

"I never said that."



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Social activism turns a profit for community economic guru

by Sarah Glen

Mixing economic models with social ideals may seem like an unlikely alliance, but according to Dr. Greg MacLeod it's the best way to combat poverty and restore social justice around the world.

It's a message that MacLeod, who is a professor of philosophy and community economic development at the University College of Cape Breton, and a founding member of Canada's oldest cooperative, hopes to spread to Victoria.

Speaking to a clutch of business owners, social advocacy workers and community economic developers last Friday at City Hall, MacLeod challenged Victoria to work together and come up with a radically different way of doing business – a way that makes life better for its residents.

"You need to take an economic lead to make your society better," he said. "By their very nature, social businesses fight community poverty."

A social business, one that works for change through community economic development, forms the philosophy behind New Dawn, a cooperative off the coast of Nova Scotia and MacLeod's pet project for over 25 years.

New Dawn is a not-for-profit corporation that works in all aspects of Cape Breton society - from buying and starting small businesses, to building affordable housing, to working as an investment firm which offers loans to people who would otherwise be turned down by more traditional firms or banks.

As a not-for-profit corporation, all of New Dawn's profits are reinvested into Cape Breton through its various projects and businesses.

And by following a cooperative business model that advocates self-sufficiency, expertise lending and community profit sharing, New Dawn has outlasted other business cooperatives over the years, MacLeod argues.

"The problem with social do-gooders is that they are afraid to make a profit and work with the business community. You don't have to be ideologically aligned with the people you are doing business with," he said. "You've just got to choose good-hearted people to help you out."

MacLeod also advises that social businesses should be started with a strong group of volunteers before hiring paid staff. He argues that volunteers are motivated by ideological or philosophical concerns and are more apt to stick with the business through its growing pains - not to mention the cost savings in wages for a fledgling business trying to turn its first profit.

"Socially minded people need to start businesses and if you work from a volunteer base, you are almost guaranteed that [social] perspective," he said.

Lynne Markell, director of community education and development with the Victoria Community Economic Development Corporation (CEDCO), thinks Victoria is ready to move away from a profit-at-all cost mandate.

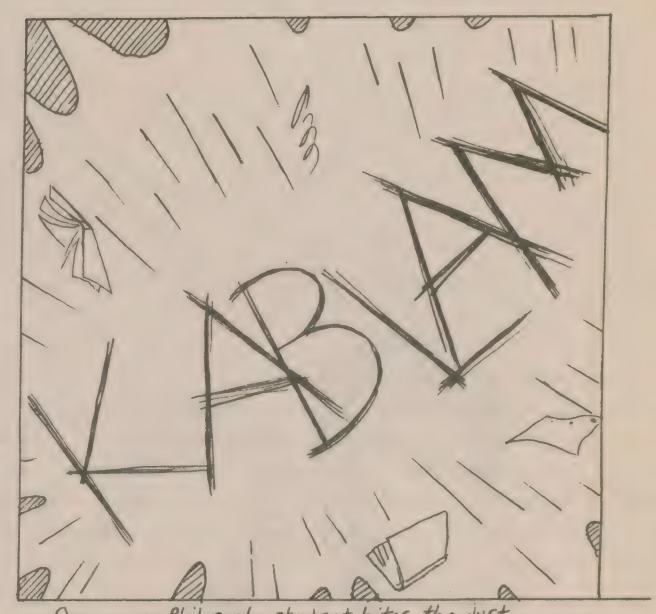
And while she is hesitant to nail down any firm commitments from local businesses opting for a more socially conscious model, she maintains that the interest is out there.

"There are different models and approaches on how to develop social businesses. It's a smorgasbord," she said. "This isn't a model you can franchise. Each community needs to develop it in its own way."

Markell notes that it would be next to impossible to use New Dawn's affordable housing model here because of the high cost of housing in Victoria compared to Cape Breton.

"These projects grow out of the local community. They're tailored," she said.

Right now, CEDCO is educating Victoria-based businesses on the benefits of developing social businesses. Markell predicts that those focused on skills training and loan funds will be the first to be set up in the area.



One more Philosophy student bites the dust.

Saltspring Island
Upper Walbran Valley
Great Bear Rainforest
South Chilcotins
Clayoquot Sound
Elaho Valley

RALLY
to protect BC's threatened wilderness

On March 14, the BC legislature opens. It is the last sitting of the Legislative Assembly before a provincial election is called. It is expected that the NDP government will introduce new laws to create new parks and protect drinking watersheds.

Join us for a peaceful gathering, parade, theatre, and speeches about the pressing need to protect BC's drinking watersheds and remaining pristine wilderness areas including the Great Bear Rainforest, the Spirit Bear Conservancy, the South Chilcotin Mountains, and others before the change of government this spring.

March 14, 2001
Wednesday
@ 12 noon - Centennial Square

Then PARADE down to BC Legislature Building
12:30 - 2:00 pm: HEAR from BC's leading wilderness activists

2:00 - Opening Ceremony @ the Leg

For more information:
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www.wildernesscommittee.org

A body of art

Open Space exhibit takes another look at the human form

by Summer Bracey

The Open Space exhibit *Mapping the Body* is a collection of art which uses the body and body parts as materials for art production.

Intended as a display art which sought to discuss "discourses and technologies of the body", it showcases the works of of artists Kelly Mark, Wendy Peart, Karen Ralph and Su Rynard.

At 7:45 p.m., a quarter of an hour before the evening debut, I walked into the mostly empty room and viewed each piece. Some were videos, some were plastic, some were molded. All were impressionistic.

The most notable work was mounted on the far wall, next to hundreds of little Buddha figurines sitting, enlightened, on a colourful block. This piece took up most of the wall and was covered with different coloured mouths with extended tongues, ears, noses and hands. The display seemed to make the wall take on a mind of its own, and lapped, like waves, at the corners of the canvas. From a distance, the work looks like a picture, rather than a variety of sculptures, but as one walks closer, the individual figures become clearer. The wall shouts out to you, meanwhile, it also listens and motions for you to come closer and become a part of it.

Another piece which caught my attention, consisted of a pair of televisions displaying a man sitting on the front steps of a building. Each monitor showed a different day, but the man was doing the exact same thing in both videos. At about the same time each day, he fidgeted, scratched his head or talked to someone. Watching it made me feel like I was in the twilight zone.

If you have some time in your busy schedule, I would suggest attending the next exhibition. *Mapping the Body* will open again on Apr. 6 at 8pm with an artists talk by artists Barrie Jones, Har Prakash, Monique Mees and Ed Pien on Apr. 7 at noon.

For more information phone OpenSpace at 383-8833.

Beijing declaration by indigenous women

The following are some of the statements listed in the Beijing Declaration of Indigenous Women, which was signed by 118 indigenous groups from 27 Southern and Northern countries in 1995.

The Earth is our mother.

We, the women of the original peoples of the world have been and are continuing to suffer from multiple oppression; as indigenous peoples, as citizens of colonized and neo-colonial countries, as women, and as members of the poorer classes of society. In spite of this we are persisting in our struggles for self-determination and for our rights to our territories. This has been shown in our tenacity and capacity to withstand and survive colonization.

The 'New World Order' is being imposed on us viciously. This is recolonization coming under the name of globalization and trade liberalization. The forces behind this are the rich industrialized nation-states, their transnational corporations, and the financial institutions which they control.

Bio-prospecting is another feature of recolonization. [The] bid for the patenting of life forms is the ultimate colonization and commodification of everything we hold sacred.

Critiques of the Beijing Draft Platform for Action:

• The Beijing Draft Platform for Action, unfortunately, is not critical at all of the 'New World Order'. It does not acknowledge that [our] poverty is caused by the same powerful nations and interests who have colonized us and are continuing to recolonize, homogenize, and impose their economic growth development model and monocultures on us. It does not present a coherent analysis of why is it that the goals of 'equality, development, and peace' become more elusive to women each day in spite of three UN conferences on women since 1975. The critical areas of concern it has identified are also critical for indigenous women. While it correctly identifies unequal access to education and health as areas of concern, it does not question the basic Western orientation of the prevailing education and health systems. It does not reflect the fact that these systems have perpetuated the discrimination against indigenous peoples.

• Address the violence and sexual trafficking of indigenous women and the increasing numbers of indigenous women becoming labour exports. Military operations conducted on indigenous peoples' lands use rape, sexual-slavery, and sexual trafficking of indigenous women to further subjugate indigenous peoples. The development of tourism to attract foreign capital has also led to the commodification of indigenous women.

• While the report talks about the effects of persecution and armed conflict, it does not acknowledge that many of these armed conflicts are occurring on indigenous peoples' lands.

• The Draft Plans' recommended 'strategic objectives' and actions focus on ensuring women's equal access and full participation in decision-making, equal status, equal pay, and in integrating and mainstreaming gender perspectives and analysis. These objectives are hollow and meaningless if the inequality between nations, races, classes, and genders, are not challenged at the same time.

Indigenous Women's Proposals and Demands Recognize and Respect our Right to Self - Determination.

We demand:

• That all governments and international non-governmental and governmental organizations recognize the right of indigenous peoples to self-determination, and enshrine the historical, political, social, cultural, economic, and religious rights of the indigenous peoples in their constitutions and legal systems.

• That the international community and governments recognize and respect our rights to our territories. This includes our right to decide what to do with our lands and territories and to develop in an integrated, sustainable way, according to our own cosmovision.

• That governments, international organizations and NGOs assume their responsibility to alter their policies and allocate resources for the intercultural and bilingual educational system and the development of indigenous health care systems according to our cultural principles and cosmovision.

• That budget allocations to health and other social services be increased to at least 20 per cent of the national budget and that a significant amount of this goes to indigenous peoples' communities.

• That the dumping of hazardous drugs, chemicals and contraceptives on indigenous peoples communities be stopped.

Stop Human Rights Violations and Violence against Indigenous Women.

We demand:

• An investigation of the reported cases of sexual slavery and the rape of indigenous women by military men. Perpetrators should be persecuted and the survivors be provided justice and rehabilitation services.

• An investigation of the forcible mass sterilization and anti-fertility programs done among indigenous women. Identify which international and national agencies are responsible for these and make them accountable.

Recognize and Respect our Rights to our Intellectual and Cultural Heritage and our Rights to Control the Biological Diversity in our Territories.

We demand:

• That our inalienable rights to our intellectual and cultural heritage be recognized and respected. We will resist all processes seeking to destroy this heritage and alienate our resources and knowledge from us.

• A stop to the patenting of all life forms. This to us, is the ultimate commodification of life which we hold sacred.

• That the Human Genetic Diversity Project be condemned and stopped. Those responsible for this project should be asked to make an accounting of all the genetic collections they have taken from indigenous peoples and have these returned to the owners of these genes. Indigenous peoples should be invited to participate in the ongoing discussions in UNESCO on the bioethics of the Human Genome.

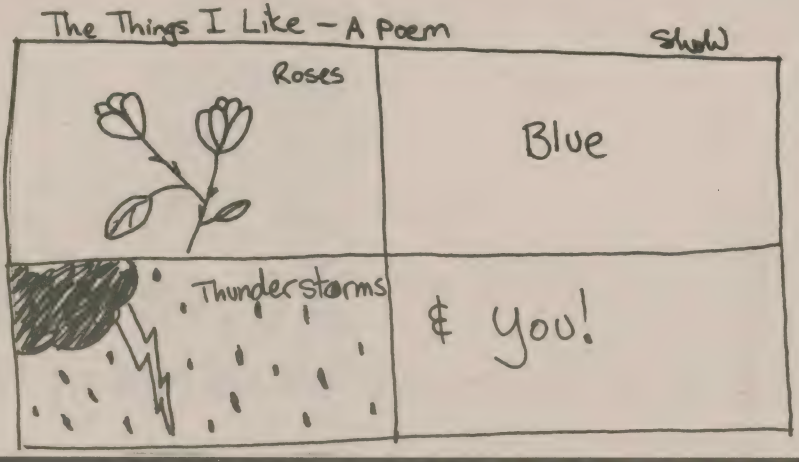
Ensure Political Participation of Indigenous Women and Enhance their Capabilities and Access to Resources

We demand:

• That NGOs that work with Indigenous Women be guided by principles of mutual respect and promote the full participation of Indigenous Women in action and in articulating issues regarding Indigenous Women and Indigenous Peoples.

• The funding agencies and donor agencies that support and promote women's organizations and programs, share space and financial resources in order to promote the development of Indigenous Women.

This amazing document can be viewed in its entirety on The Third World Network website at www.twnsid.org.



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Canada

ELECTION NOTES

A race between the left and right

by Gillian Jerome

The student society election race is on with two dominant slates representing political postures from the left and the right.

Although voter turnout remains consistently low at eight per cent, this year's election sets a record for the most candidates running since 1996.

(Interest in student politics was so low before the March 1998 election that 10 directors at large were acclaimed to key positions.)

Onlookers say it's a close call between the lefty Putting Students First slate and the right-wing dominated Students for a Progressive Unified Democracy (SPUD) roster.

The SPUDs call themselves a "pan-partisan" slate, a mix of Arts and Economics students, social democrats and reformers, united in a call for "fiscal responsibility" and "diversity."

SPUD chairperson candidate Andrew McVie denies the accusation that their group is "a bunch of right-wing nuts." Instead, McVie says he wants a mix of opinions on board, as opposed to the legacy of "awful hegemonic organization" of past student governments.

Although he voted for the Canadian Alliance in the federal election, McVie denies that he's an active member of the right-wing party with Christian fundamentalist roots.

Campaigning is an adrenaline rush, says McVie, although it's one that he's grown accustomed to as a founding member of the Coke club. He and fellow finance director candidate Keir Wilmut have hit the campaign trail with gusto.

"Bush and Gore did this 18 hours a day for a year," he says, looking at Wilmut, a fourth year economics major, who smiles in return. "You go home exhausted at the end of the day but the energy keeps you going. And the more I get out there and talk to people, the more I see that they really want to support us."

A current director-at-large, McVie criticizes the student society for wasting money on a $16,000 web site which could have been built by students and the $25,000 collection of furniture in the student lounge. On his campaign posters he writes that the banks won't extend any more credit to the student society, a claim current director of finance Greg Awai says is completely false.

"That reflects our finances back in 1996," says Awai, referring to the $504,000 deficit for that year. "The banks have said nothing like that."

McVie certainly has his critics. When he attempted to recruit independent director of academics candidate Salma Kahale, she refused as she doesn't agree with McVie's stance against "political activism and lobbying." Kahale believes the society should be more political, and points to a recent campaign proposal for International Women's Day which the board failed to act on.

"If the women's centre hadn't picked it up, nothing would be done at all."

Kahale says she's skeptical of McVie's views on identity politics and minority rights, citing a Feb.19 board meeting where McVie complained that a request from the Asian Student's Society could divide people on campus. McVie intervened when two motions to approve club status for Asian Student's Society and the Celtic Society were presented together, asking that they be considered separately. He used the request by the Asian Student's Society as an example of clubs used for political factions. Kahale said she raised her hand and asked him why he didn't include the Celtic Club in his argument. The status request for both clubs was eventually approved.

McVie and fellow candidates measured every campaign sign posted by their opponents to ensure that it fits within dimensions prescribed in the electoral bylaws. Rival finance candidate Jonas Gifford was chastised for making campaign signs two feet over the limit.

"We don't have bylaws for nothing," says McVie. "That's just policy."

Rules were made to be followed says McVie. On Feb. 27 he delivered a petition to chief electoral officer Shane Calder calling for a board meeting to create a new polling schedule based on "favoritism" for arts and humanities students by scheduling prime polling time in the Clearihue building.

The original polling schedule offered 25 hours in the Clearihue building, as opposed to four in the Elliot, David Strong and L-wing buildings.

A vocal critic of the current student government, McVie says he'd like the student society to focus on its primary mandate to provide student with services. He says the society is far too preoccupied with social movements. "I don't want to take a position which you may not agree with," he says. "That's not the society's job." However, McVie represents his union local as the Safeway's shop steward, where he works part-time to pay his tuition.

McVie says the current student government works harder to promote their own political agenda than the interests of the majority on campus.

One of McVie's chief complaints about the current political climate in student government is its "singular ideology."

"Why not have views representing radical extremes? It encourages healthy debate. As it stands now, the board uses the UVSS to promote their own politics."

McVie's rival, Jamie Matten, the current director of services, says his comments are clearly unfounded.

The problem isn't unequal representation, it's communication between the various groups on campus. Matten says if she's elected, her first priority is communication between student groups and a continuation of the respect earned from university administration by this year's executive.

photo by Carmel Ecker

Students wait at a Subtext table for their turn to vote yesterday.

Matten's slate, Putting Students First, offers a vision for aggressive student lobbying, strong representation within the university community, better services for co-op and students in residence, and improved communication between student groups.

Matten says that the university's student society is known across the province for its strong political voice and its activism. "Everything we do is political. Decisions like a reduction in tuition fees don't come without being political."

She's concerned that a Liberal government in B.C. will require more vigilant lobbying efforts on behalf of students.

Wilmut and McVie say that Matten's slate offers nothing but a dose of the status quo, an accusation Matten vehemently denies.

"We're about diversity," says Matten, pointing to candidates who work for First Nations, Queer groups, ecological issues, responsible corporate investment and advocacy for single mothers. "We don't represent a certain party or a certain ideology. We come from a wide variety of backgrounds and experiences."

Matten says her experience working with the university on policy directly affecting students gives her a competitive edge over McVie.

A few candidates are running independently for the four executive positions as well the 11 positions to fill for directors at large.

The university board of governors picks up two student representatives and the senate takes 16, four of which are acclaimed this year. Four candidates are running for the two BOG positions, including former UVSS chair and finance director Morgan Stewart.

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UOV0308

Maude Barlow rallies local activists

by Mike Cox

What is at the heart of these resistances is the fight for democracy and the commons.

Tony Clarke

Well-known activist, author and policy critic Maude Barlow spoke to a packed Alix Goolden Hall for the launch of her new book Global Showdown: How the new activists are fighting global corporate rule.

The national volunteer chairperson of the Council of Canadians, assured her audience that the movement for global justice is alive and strong.

"We're not watching history we're making history, and nothing will stop the force of this movement," she said.

But it's not all a glory dance. The movement for global justice is getting bigger and more organized, which poses limitations. "The size of the movement is staggering," she said. "Some of that is bad because the government isn't doing what it is supposed to do, and has cut off funding to certain areas."

The positive side is that globalization has galvanized local citizens into a new wave of participatory democracy - from WTO protests in Seattle to protests over the closure of a community hall in Fernwood. But Barlow had much to say about the relationship between globalization and poor voter turnouts at every level of government. The consumer-driven focus of governments has lead to poor voter turnouts, she said, and it's not because people don't care.

"There's a feeling that we have consumer democracy. You get to the polls and vote for your consumer candidate, either Pepsi or Coke, and are told to leave them alone for four years," Barlow said.

class warfare. We have to start living within nature's laws."

Tony Clarke, who co-authored the book with Barlow, said the people must take human necessities back, and democracy must be given back to the individual.

"There's a sense of a loss of ourselves as self-governing peoples," he said. "What is at the heart of these resistances is the fight for democracy and the commons."

Globalization is the new form of class warfare.

Maude Barlow

But it's not enough to resist government consumerism. Barlow said there has to be a movement away from the "there are no alternatives" syndrome.

"The economy exists to serve people and communities and not the other way around," she said. "We need to bring marginalized voices to the centre of our movement because the ones who have been hurt the most are going to lead us out of this."

Mimicking arguments made by ecological activist Jane Jacobs, Barlow calls for economies to emulate the laws and rules of nature. Corporate culture disregards the environment and sees the basic necessities of life, such as water and air, as commodities to be bought and sold on the open market.

"The growth imperative is killing the planet," Barlow said. "Globalization is the new form of

Clarke echoed Barlow's position that the movement for global justice is becoming more focused and organized, but said it needs to look at alternatives for the future.

"People are freeing themselves and beginning to envision what a different future might look like," he said. "We have to get away from issue-hopping and look at the structures and how they need to change."

Global Showdown outlines six steps for movement building. Clarke argues that the global justice movement is retreating from isolated issues, and starting to take on a global perspective.

"We are on the move not only in this country, but in tandem and in solidarity with other movements throughout the world."

Student groups need your support

by Jason Gondziola

Students at UVic have the opportunity to make a lasting change at the voting stations this week. In addition to deciding the makeup of next year's student society, voters will be asked to increased funding for four constituency groups on campus.

The Women's Centre, the Pride Collective, the Students of Colour Collective, and the Society for Students with Disabilities are calling on students to approve this much-needed funding.

"The fund will give us the ability to get more resources," said Society for Students with Disabilities spokesperson Sheri Howell.

The proposed funding would cost only $2.00 per full-time student per semester and $1.00 per part-time student per semester. The net result would be more than $40,000 per year of guaranteed funding for the four constituency groups. Currently, the groups are included in the UVSS budget. With the exception of the Women's Centre, their funding is not guaranteed and could be reduced or cut at any time.

"These groups give a voice and advocate for minority groups of different types," said Robyn Mogan, a member of the Women's Centre. In addition to this, the groups provide support, information, and organize events in order to raise awareness of important issues.

"They try to be a voice to these different groups who have all experienced some form of oppression,"she added.

Vote to decide higher UPass fee

by Mike Cox

For two years now students have been packing the buses with their handy dandy universal bus passes. For less than the cost of an adult monthly bus pass, the UPass offers students unlimited access to public transit all semester. The future of the pass will be decided with a referendum question posed to students on March 7, 8 and 9.

The first question involves a proposal to raise the price of the UPass to $47 a semester for the next school year, and then to $50 a semester for the following school year.

Currently, the UPass costs students $44 a semester.

The second question involves a proposal to raise the price of a semester student pass to the same price as a monthly adult pass - minus the $4 subsidy paid for by the university from parking revenue - for the 2003 / 2004 school year. A monthly bus pass for adults is now $58. Provided this price stays the same for the next two years, the UPass will cost $54 a semester in the 2003 / 2004 school year, and would fluctuate in conjunction with the price of a monthly adult pass.

Environmentally speaking, there is little debate that public transit is far preferable to single-occupancy car driving. Cars are the single worst contributor to pollution in the world, and pollution is one of our most immediate environmental problems.

There is evidence that the UPass really does get people out of their cars and onto the bus. In its first year at UVic, bus ridership rose by 17 per cent. Students spent $100,000 less on permits than the previous year, and the number of cars parked on campus decreased by 15 per cent.

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Finding a sense of truth

How a woman found a harp by accident

by Jason Gondziola

Some weeks ago, Vancouver-based Celtic harpist Oona McOuat and cellist Corbin Keep put on a show at Victoria's Church of Truth.

Prior to the performance, I called McOuat in Hawaii, where she had just come in from a swim. She and a friend had been soaking in the warm waters of the Pacific, delighting themselves with the haunting sounds of whale music. "I've only heard that a couple times," she said. "It was incredible."

Born of Scottish and Italian ancestry, McOuat grew up in the Vancouver area. She started singing at the age of four. Two years later, she began piano lessons - a weekly ritual that continued until she turned 17.

I asked her about her most memorable childhood moments, and she paused for a moment to reflect. "My most magical or energized times were times when I was singing, or dancing, or playing piano," she said.

However, at 17, she decided to take a sabbatical from her musical musings. "I went into journalism. It was kind of a roundabout route for returning to music again, which I felt was returning to myself."

Her career in journalism began to take it's toll on her health. "I went and lived in Nicaragua for two years during the revolution and that was a really intense time for me," she recalls. "Physically I got sick - viral hepatitis, kept getting the flu. I was really tired and allergic to stuff. I didn't feel strong and clear, and it was hard."

McOuat returned home to Vancouver and shortly afterwards had a chance encounter that would change her life.

"In Oregon, I was driving with my sister to a Grateful Dead concert," she said. "I arrived at a native gathering for elders."

Here she met a mysterious woman. "When I saw her, I felt like I knew her. She said, 'We've got some work to do together,' and I was like, 'oooh what does she mean?'"

"She helped me clear up some stuff from my childhood," the Celtic artist says. McOuat describes that meeting as a healing time. When it came time to leave, her new friend told McOuat that she had something for her. The woman unwrapped a blanket to find a harp inside. The metal parts were a little rusty, but it was intact.

"When I left there, I was driving through Portland," she said. "I saw a music store with a harp in the window. It was just a very intuitive thing. I didn't know anything about harps, but luckily I bought a good one."

It wasn't much of a stretch for her to transfer her piano experience onto the harp; harps are basically vertical pianos without sharps or flats. Most of McOuat's piano training had been classical, so I asked her what drew her toward Celtic music.

"Gosh. Nothing that I listen to, that's for sure," she said with a soft giggle. "There's something that comes through my bloodline - it sounds a little hokey, but it's the only way I could understand it."

"On a cellular level, we carry the influences of our ancestors," she said. "That's why right now the world music is so popular. This pop culture, the whole linear time, cell phone, fast food culture is not a culture that I see as life supporting."

> I feel it's the time. It's time to kind of resurrect the traditional cultural streams that are going to help us become more aware as human beings.
>
> *Oona McOuat, Celtic musician*

"I feel it's the time," she said. "It's time to kind of resurrect the traditional cultural streams that are going to help us become more aware as human beings. And I also think that personally, it's just a part of who I am."

So what about religion? I asked. She was reluctant, so I offered up my maxim "the new religion is no religion." She agreed and replied: "I think it's more important to just believe. To have faith."

McOuat's Victoria performance conveyed some of this spiritual faith. The audience drew long satisfied sighs after every song ended. Corbin Keep, the other half of the duo, echoed these sentiments to me after the show. "I've never encountered an audience that was so into it and singing along," he told me. "It was like the audience was part of the show."

McOuat's work crosses centuries and traverses countries. Particularly memorable was "Of Eternity," a song based on the words of Rumi, a 12th century Sufi mystic. It was an unexpected joy to encounter Rumi's work here, on the other side of the world, 900 years after the poem was first penned.

The mystical truth of Rumi was not at all out of place in this concert; if nothing else, it was the perfect fit - totally compatible with Oona's artistic driving force. "I feel that what I would want to give to the audience is a sense of truth," she told me. "Not in the sense of 'this is my truth, believe it', but being brutally honest with what I feel."

"Now," she said over the phone, "I feel like my work is not to tell people what to believe, but to open them to that place where they can start to listen to their own true voice."

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Vike's Women get wild-card spot in CIAU

by Manusha Janakiram

For the University of Calgary women's basketball team, the defeat at last year's CIAU final at the hands of the University of Victoria was a decidedly unpleasant experience.

From the moment the 2000-2001 season tipped-off in the autumn, all of Calgary's energies have been focused on exacting some measure of revenge on the Vikes. This past weekend, at UVic's McKinnon Gym, the Dinos were given a chance to settle the score.

And settle it they did, sweeping the best-of-three Canada West Championship series two games to nil, 70-66 and 59-54.

On Friday night, the Vikes hit the court on fire. Victoria shot 62.5 per cent (15 of 24) from the field and went two of three from beyond the arc in the first half. Led by shooting guard Kim Johnson's 15, the Vikes were up 44-34 at the break.

"I just thought that the Vikes outplayed us in every aspect of the game" said Dino's head coach Shawnee Harle. "But at the half I challenged [my team] to step up and play like I knew they could."

Harle's admonitions had the desired effect as Calgary came out of the locker room with a newfound motivation. The visitors quickly took control at both ends of the court, especially on defence, limiting the Vikes to just 22 points in the second half.

Leighann Doan, who demonstrated why she was re-elected Canada West Player of the Year, propelled the Dinos once again. Tohe 5'11" forward scored 23 points, hitting on five of seven free throws and snagging 11 boards. Calgary point guard Natalie Hudec, guard Anna Bekkering and reserve forward Rene Carriere chipped in with 10 points each.

Facing elimination Saturday night, Victoria found themselves behind the eight ball. The Vikes' starting five brought a smothering defence that limited the Dinos to just 24 points in the first-half. At the other end, however, they were consistently unable to convert.

As a team Victoria shot a lousy 34.8 per cent from the field while the scoring duo of Johnson and small forward Lindsay Anderson, who usually scores upwards of 40 points per game, were confined to just two and four points, respectively. With their offence all but crippled, the Vikes trailed 24-19 at the break.

Ten minutes into the second-half of play, a much more wide open affair, it seemed as if the Vikes were content to simply trade hoops with the Dinos. At 8:06, Victoria team captain Joanna Holdsworth drained a clutch three-pointer which tied the score at 40-40. Less than two minutes later, Holdsworth hit dropped another bomb from downtown to give her squad their first lead of the night.

It did not last long. Despite the efforts of Johnson (16 second half-points), Mangan (eight rebounds and six points) and diminutive point guard Lindsay Brooke (11 assists), Victoria began to run out of steam. As the clock wound down the Dinos found their way to the line with increasing frequency, hitting 12 of 18 free throws in the final 20 minutes of play.

"I thought the girls played their best game of the year, but we were facing a tremendous athlete in Doan, and she played very well," said Vikes head coach Kathy Shields.

Tremendous indeed. Doan, who appeared dwarfed by the 6'2" Mangan, managed to out-maneuver, out-score and out-rebound the entire Victoria front court all night. She dominated the glass with 17 boards and was the only Calgary member to finish in the double digits (23 points).

Despite the devastating series loss, it was announced Sunday that the Vikes' season will continue for one more week. In a surprise development, Victoria was granted the wildcard berth at the CIAU championship tournament, and will join the Dinos and six other teams from across the country in Edmonton this weekend

It was thought by many that the number three nationally ranked Manitoba Bisons (who lost to number one Regina) would garner the lone wildcard position over the number four ranked Vikes. However, Victoria's status as defending champions as well as their two victories over Manitoba earlier in the season apparently gave them the edge.

Canada West Coach of the Year Kathy Shields' squad, seeded fourth, takes on number five Queens University, Ontario East Champions, Thursday afternoon at the University of Alberta's Varsity Gym. The national final will be broadcast at 10 Sunday morning on TSN.

Women get their hits in with fencing

by Laura Keble

While fencing is usually thought of as a manly sport, the women of the University of Victoria Fencing Club have a much different perspective. For their lot, non-lethal sword fighting is both fun and empowering.

"It's one of the few sports where you're on an equal footing with the guys," said Veronica Ho, the assistant coach of the club. "You get to show that you can beat someone who's physically stronger than you and six feet tall. That feels pretty damn good."

Ho has fenced for 24 years and competed for almost 20. At first she didn't participate in tournaments, finding them more than a little intimidating. "I'm the friendly type. I felt bad hitting people," she noted. "It was like, 'oh God, I won. Sorry.'" Ho soon got over her remorse, and can now turn on her "mean streak" at will.

At the UVic club's recreational level, speed is more important than strength. There is, accordingly, often little difference between the men and women except experience. While some of the guys have a reach like a yo-yo, a little practice can enable those with shorter statures can get their hits in.

"When you put your mask on, who cares whether you're a guy or a girl?" said Ho.

Like the guys, many women at the club have been inspired to fence by movies like *The Mask of Zorro* and *The Princess Bride*. They saw their chance to live out a fantasy after seeing the fencers' booth on Clubs Day.

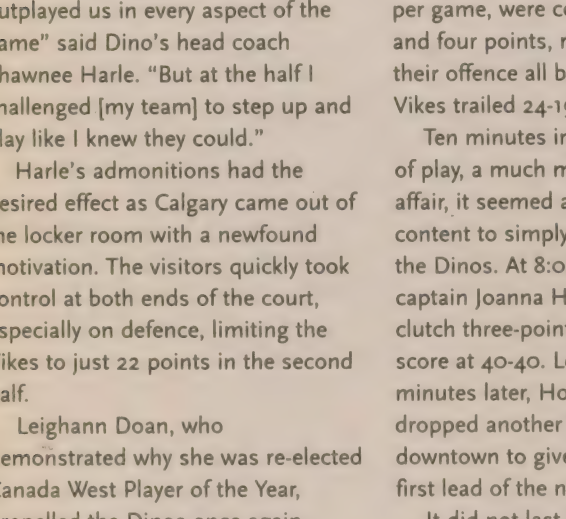
"I'm here, there's a program. I thought I might as well try it," said Alice Cheung, a four-month veteran of the beginners' class. "It's relaxing after you fence – stress relieving." Cheung enjoyed the chance to compete for the first time at the Stephen Lazar Memorial Tournament on Feb. 24.

Women have been competing in fencing since the sport was first entered into the Olympics, at 1936 Berlin Games. In the early years, women fenced in skirts, an idea which UVic's female fencers find both funny and appalling.

"I would hate that," said Hong Gou, while trying not to giggle at the thought. "I'd be tripping all the time."

Fencing was introduced to North American women in the early years of the Second World War. Aldo Nadi, a professional exhibition fencer from Italy, fled Mussolini's army draft to New York, where he began to teach his sport to women at the Elizabeth Arden Beauty Farm. An unashamed chauvinist, Nadi was unpopular but tolerated because of his skill.

Fencing quickly spread across the US and Canada, and has found a niche in private and public clubs all over the continent. "Fencing is not as popular as basketball or hockey, but it really gives you a different outlook on sports," said Gou.



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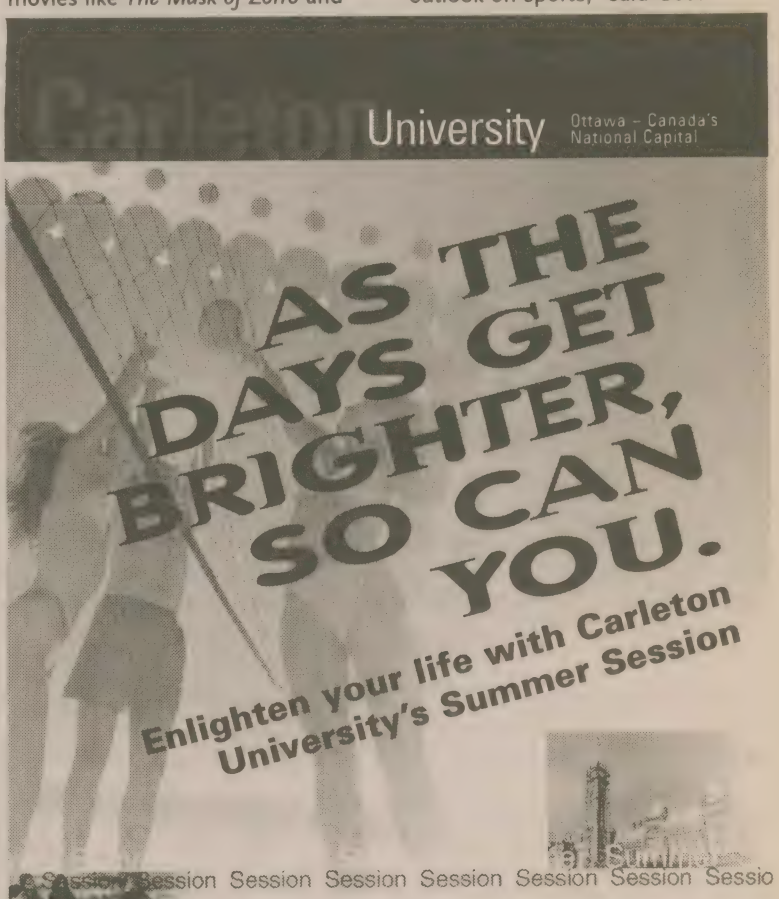
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LETTERS, LETTERS,

Peter's take

She approached me Friday afternoon from the Women's Centre to tell me that campus security's decision to bar me from University-owned buildings upset the collective. I asked her advice:

This is a University. Everyone is here for a reason. Use intellectual intimidation.

Intellectual honesty vs. dishonesty: intellect is structural, (dis)honesty implies that structure, honestly or dishonestly.

Was I not supposed to notice that barring me occured eight days after I slipped 12 copies of four pages under the door of the UVSS Board of Directors meeting, already in progress? (I had twice been severely dislocated by Facilities Management and CSEC earlier that day.) Included in these four pages were a systemized grievance, promised and cultivated since June 2000 requesting support for calling for independent inquiries in to the non-academic sector, CFUV and collaboration of externals and permanent employees of the student's society who, consistent with the recent history and evolution of the renamed UVSS, end up running the show – much like the civil service runs the government.

Peter Verin

Residents need representation

Students at any university are often involved in conflicts or disagreements with the university administration. They can be minor – like timetable conflicts, problems with professors, a lack of classes, or simple injustice. The administration is constantly looking for ways to cut costs, increase the efficiency of their operations and generate revenue. Luckily for us, we have the UVSS and the Canadian Federation of Students to lobby and advocate on our behalf.

But the students who live in Residence face a unique form of discrimination. They live on campus, and the University has a more direct impact on their lives. They are dependant on the University for a home, shelter from the elements, and for food. Like any tenant, residents have concerns, which need to be addressed by their landlords. Generally Housing, Food, and Conference Services, which manages Residence, Cluster, and Family Housing is fairly equitable in seeing to the demands of their tenants. The food is edible, and the buildings are properly maintained.

But there are times when residents do face problems or stress due to policies of the administration. Like last year when the University union staff went on strike and there was no hot food served in the cafeteria. Apparently the provision of food is not considered to be an "essential service," despite the fact that residents are dependent on the University for their meals. Students were starving at the same time that priority was given to feeding the lab rats! Luckily the strike didn't go on for longer than half a day otherwise everyone would have starved. Mysteriously, residence clothing dryers are unable to actually dry the clothing, and our food is prepared by the same university administration that has created long class waitlists!

Residences of this campus need to have a direct channel of communication with their landlords. The University is a very strong and looming force, sheltered by bureaucracy and it can be very disheartening and disenfranchising for residents to try and raise their concerns to them. What these residents need is for their student society to advocate and rally for them. The UVSS needs to be able to know exactly what problems students are facing, so they can address the issue at Board of Directors meetings and find solutions acceptable for both students and administration.

The Women's Centre, Pride Collective, Society for Students with a Disability, Native Students Union and Students of Colour Collective each have constituency status and a representative on the Board of Directors. Each of these groups legitimately needs a seat on the Board to ensure against discrimination. But Residents of this University require representation as well. They suffer from the affliction of direct University occupation. If the UVSS is supposed to protect the student body from university exploitation, then why are they neglecting 2,000 oppressed people? These UVSS members are students who deserve their needs, demands, and concerns backed by the full weight of their student government. Residents need direct communication with their student government and therefore require permanent representation on the Board of Directors.

Chuck Wootten

More on *Maxim*

I am writing in response to the flood of letters concerning the removal of *Maxim* from SUBtext.

As a *Maxim* and *Cosmo* reader, I commend Michael Joyce's decision to pull *Maxim* off the shelves of SUBtext. As a community of tolerance, there is little room for attitudes of harassment and objectification within the SUB's walls. The strain of homophobia printed in the pages of any magazine is reason enough for me to support its removal. I agree with the supposition of the Women's Centre that *Maxim* reinforces questionable attitudes of objectification; you'd be silly not to draw the same conclusions yourself. I disagree, however, with the idea that *Cosmo* sits on higher moral ground because women write it.

While *Maxim* and its kin encourage men to objectify women, Cosmo and friends encourage women to submit themselves to it. Does the vangaurd of women's publishing proclaim the enlightenment and empowerment of women through features such as "20 Ways to Drive Him Wild!!"? I think not. *Cosmo* is just as guilty as *Maxim* when it comes to glossy photos portraying women like trophies to be won. Only *Cosmo*, as Ms. Duder said in the previous issue of *the Martlet*, teaches how to shape and polish that trophy in the image upheld by our society. In truth, we are all guilty of turning a blind eye to a society that judges us on what we look like and not who we are as people. We, men and women, are all guilty of forming opinions about people based on how they look. Who amongst us has not sat next to that person in the second row in class just because they were hot? I don't appreciate the Women's Centre's attack on men in suggesting that men are solely responsible for our meat-market imaged society. Such is not the case. Women are just as responsible for this foul machination that the Women's Centre percieves. What the Women's Centre fails to see though, is that the *Maxim* conundrum is about more than just content.

The crux of the matter is this: How much independent thought we, as readers, believe the reading public is capable of? How can I ensure that you will find a certain piece of literature offensive, which I find offensive too? How can I be sure that you won't treat me in the way suggested by your magazine, that I disapprove of? How can I make you see the light of my reason? The plain answer is I can't. Written words are meals for the mind. Like any meal, we enjoy and incorporate that which we find to have substance and discard the upalatable and disgusting. Literary tastes, like any other, are subjective to the mood of the reader. Today, I shall read something trashy and meaningless that takes my mind away from my courses, and perhaps tomorrow I will read something intellectual. There is no guarantee that what you and I find to be disgusting will be the same thing. We all deserve the right to read that which satisfies us. We are all allowed to have our own opinions. But the best way to instruct me as to why your opinions are the way they are is through open dicussion, not finger-pointing or censorship.

Do men objectify? Yes, but we're not the only ones.

Tim Hanson

Cuts to clocks: a rant on knowledge

Things in the neighbourhood need mentioning these days... some are current, some are chronic, some are serious. Some we make serious. We are full of knowledge here but we don't manage to use it... Here, I dare say, some are smart but senseless. We are taught soooo much, I think it is time for some practice of the preaching.

Five per cent cut in tuition fees? 5,800 more student spaces... yippee! Here are the students... where's the space? Oh, did I mention quality?

We are in the midst of an environmental crisis, did ya know that? Why question the U-Pass? Why not question the use of styrofoam cups on campus already! (I know it's tough people, but we do have to start.) How much does it cost for a UVSS election to take place?

And we lock Peter out of every building except for the student-run SUB because his practices pose a health threat? I'd wager that 50 per cent of UVic's students have rotting veggies in their own home refrigerators (and hey, I think a couple of my chats with him have taught me more than a couple of my classes).

And hey... if it bugs ya... don't read it! We're gonna have no men's room cubicles anymore if we start rippin' down offensive subject matter. (I am very sorry, I don't like it myself, but really – who cares?! Why care?!)

I think it's time to go now...not that I'd know by looking at the clock tower or anything (how many years has it been since that thing worked?). Let's take our heads out of our backsides. Like I said, we are smart enough.

This production is completely based on ficitonal ideas of the author. Any similarity, in whole or in part, to any individuals, groups, places or times, is totally coincidental.

Jonny Coleshill

Student triumphs

Last week the provincial government announced a five per cent reduction in tuition fees, increased funding for all 28 public post-secondary institutions, added 5025 fully-funded new spaces, and $46 million in additional funding for research, equipment and library purchases.

This important announcement recognised that access to education is necessary for success, and that institutions need increased funding to deliver this needed education. This announcement is the result of students working together with others in the post-secondary sector to advance our common goals. The success of last year's student strike and ACCESS 2000 demonstrations is measured by this accomplishment.

I want to extend congratulations and thanks to the many students who signed petitions, attended rallies, and volunteered their time in the campaign to make education accessible. It confirms that the student movement really does have strength in numbers.

As we all know there will be a provincial election soon and all of this progress could be at risk. In our own Students' Society election it is crucial that we elect a Board of Directors that will continue to work with all students to ensure that our post-secondary education is accessible. Please make sure you are informed about the election and get out and vote March 7, 8 and 9.

Summer McFadyen

***Martlet* appreciation**

I want to say a couple of things about the paper. I think the most recent issue is the best I've ever read. Especially commendable was the neutrality with which Werner presented the facts in the Verin article. This kind of writing is indicative of the departure from the extremist and predictible positions found in most of 1999/2000 issues. Since the anti-*Martlet* protest/parody climax of last year, the paper has become very much more palatable.

Brandon Nelson

Election platform correction

In his Election Platform published on page 3 of the election supplement included in the March 1, 2001, edition of *the Martlet*, candidate for Director of Finance Keir Wilmut stated that "...our main lender has stated that, should the situation not improve, they will refuse to extend any new lines of credit."

Mr. Wilmut's statement did not indicate that this was the case in 1996, not 2001. UVSS' lines of credit with the bank are currently secure. We wish readers to be aware of this fact.

Greg Awai, Finance Director and Doug Ausman, General Manager

SPUD gets its figures fixed

I feel it is absolutely imperative that I correct the record in terms of the University of Victoria Students' Society's finances. As a former Director of Finance and member of the Board of Directors during the three largest surpluses in the history of the society (97-00), I feel I am eminently qualified to attempt to repair the record from the damage done by Mr. Keir Wilmut, SPUD candidate for Director of Finance.

Mr. Wilmut has repeatedly asserted in his campaign that the society is close to bankruptcy. This is absolutely not the case and damages the Society's reputation in the public realm (for example with suppliers who may, having heard this, be more reluctant to supply on credit). Although, Mr. Wilmut is free to lie in his platform I strongly urge you not to vote for someone who does.

Further, Mr. Wilmut's platform states that "our main lender has stated that, should the situation not improve, they will refuse to extend any new lines of credit." This is wrong, our financial position is such that we make money on our money. Each year we pay less in interest than we are paid in interest (making approximately $3,000 in profit on our money last year). Know any individual students who manage to make money on their line of credit accounts? The result of our improved financial management is that our main financial lender, the Royal Bank, has not communicated any complaints about our business practices since before I was elected to the board in 1997. To say otherwise is irresponsible, damages our reputation and our ability to do business.

Mr. Andrew McVie, SPUD candidate for Chairperson, has repeated Mr. Wilmut's assertion that the Society is in deep financial trouble. This is, I must repeat, factually incorrect. The SPUD slate seems to be running on the old political strategy that if you repeat a lie enough times it becomes true in people's minds. For this reason, let me repeat we are not in deep financial trouble no matter how many times the SPUDs assert that we are.

If either Mr. McVie or Mr. Wilmut had been paying attention at Finance committee they would understand what they were talking about and would not be making wild claims in order to try and gain control of the Society. If these two are elected you can bet on seeing decisions being made as bad as the ones Ian "Super-Deficit" Flemington made (the last righty to hold the office of Director of Finance in 1995-96 before I was even a student). Let's not go back to the old way of doing things.

Morgan Stewart

SUBtext censorship

I was reading *the Martlet* [February 8, 2001], and came across an article explaining that SUBtext has taken *Maxim* (along with several similar) magazines off the shelves because it offended various individuals and activist groups.

I worked in a public library for three years, and we were constantly confronted with people or groups who believed that certain publications should be taken out of our collection. If we had complied with all of their wishes our shelves would be virtually bare and we would have been discriminating against the rights of the greater public.

In my opinion the content of *Maxim* is no different from that which is found in *Cosmo* and other magazines of the same genre, yet SUBtext still carries these.

SUBtext is primarily present on our campus because of student funding and its purpose is to serve all students. Does SUBtext believe in the suppression of the student

AND MORE LETTERS!

body's right of choice to read what they want? Or should we mold our reading habits to suit the best interests of a select group?

Virginia Bishop

SUBtext isn't a library

Virginia Bishop, I thank you for respectfully expressing your concerns regarding our recent decision on *Maxim* magazine. You raised some very valid points. I agree that publications such as *Maxim* which individuals and groups find offensive should be available somewhere, but not necessarily here. Certainly a library must receive many complaints regarding the contents of its shelves. SUBtext, however, is somewhat different in intent and scope. As a bookstore, making all material available – as with a library – is not within our mandate or capability.

You are also quite right about the purpose of SUBtext. The store is a service for students, by students. We have no interest in suppressing information. Our decision to withdraw *Maxim* and related magazines does not represent an attempt to suppress the distribution of information or to control the reading habits of students. Instead it represents a decision to offer our staff a more comfortable working environment, and make the SUB a more comfortable and safe space for all students.

The decision to remove *Maxim*, *Stuff* and *FHM* happened only after careful consultation with both students and our staff.

You have expressed your opinion that *Cosmopolitan* and related publications are not different from those that we have chosen to pull. *Cosmopolitan* is quite trashy; however, it doesn't feature naked women, alcohol, or games for men to get women naked and drunk.

Again I would like to thank you for taking the time to express your concerns to us on this issue. If you wish to discuss this, or any other matter, please feel free to contact us again.

Michael Joyce, SUBtext Manager

Peter Verin's contributions

Peter has been a mainstay at UVIC for the past 21 years. Through countless hours of study in McPherson library and lengthy discussions with five generations of UVIC students, Verin's perspective on the world has undoubtably changed. But in the five years I've spent here, his daily routines (reading, reclaiming unrecycled 'waste,' speaking with students) have continued unaltered. Why then, after twenty-one years of relatively peaceful and constant life on campus, is Peter now being considered an impediment to the University's "responsibility to provide a safe and healthy environment for everyone" (*Martlet* March 1, 2001)? Behind the ban is a University administration becoming increasingly insensitive and intolerant of difference – were this issue truly about a 'safe and healthy environment' UVic would be honouring Peter, not forcibly removing the man from his home. Peter has worked hard to enhance both UVic's natural and intellectual environments. He is important defence against caffeine fiends allergic to reusable cups, and continues to provide an invaluable perspective rare to suburban campuses, and their relatively well-off student bodies. UVic's new slogan is "Challenge Minds, Change Worlds." If the University's vision for a 'changed world' is charging a materially poor, intellectually rich, and contributing community member with 'assault by trespass,' UVIC needs to go back to school.

Peter, and anyone working with him, please email me at jkrowe@uvic.ca. Thanks.

James Rowe

Support Services' take on Verin

I am writing to correct errors in your March 1 story "UVic bans Peter from campus." While the headline suggests that Mr. Verin is banned from campus, the body of the story at least makes clear that he is banned only from campus buildings [with the exception of the Campus Security building and the SUB].

The story quotes me as saying in "an internal memo posted in staffrooms across the campus" that "we had another go at Peter today." This is incorrect. What I actually wrote was "After removing a load of his garbage yesterday, we had another go around with Peter today." This comment was contained only in an e-mail that I sent to a professor explaining the actions taken to respond to her complaints that Mr.Verin and his collected material had been found in her classroom repeatedly when she arrived to teach, and that he had apparently been "camping out" in that room every week since January. She also complained that the room had to be aired out before the class could be held. On two occasions, she had to call campus security officers to remove Mr. Verin so the class could begin. On one occasion, the class had to be moved to another room when officers were not immediately available.

In recent years, Facilities Management and Campus Security have received an increasing number of complaints about Mr. Verin and his materials. In some cases we have been asked to clean carpets and floors because simple ventilation was insufficient. Mr. Verin's materials, which have included rotting food, have attracted rats and mice both in and outside of buildings.

Following the recent complaints, Mr. Verin ignored repeated requests to remove his materials from the Clearihue building and courtyard or have them disposed of. As a result, when a large amount of garbage-like material was found unattended in the Clearihue courtyard on February 20, it was taken away. The solution of banning Mr. Verin from most campus buildings was only adopted after many other attempts to deal with the class disruption and cleaning issues had failed.

R.A. Chappell, Manager, Support Services

Ranging ranting

The uncertain economic viability of Vertigo is the direct result of its inability to connect with its community. It is impossible to expect repeat, loyal customers simply by painting fluorescent gang tag graffiti and pseudo rave cartoons on the walls while inviting only the entertainment that has been spoon fed to you by record companies and top-40 charts. Vertigo lacks a soul because of its relentless pursuit of profit and must establish a link with arts organizations on campus and in the community if it is to survive. CFUV Radio is a resource that has gone completely untapped by Vertigo management even when the benefit to both entities is obvious, and while it is true that CFUV would not be the most successful at promoting sell-out shows, they would certainly do well in fostering a greater sense of soul within the nightclub. The staff and on-air programmers at CFUV are surely not there to make money, yet they are successful in what they do. Of course this philosophy is not going to pay your bills, but neither is disconnection.

Speaking of soul...A special thanks to SUBtext, the Women's Centre and UVic Pride for telling me what to read. The definition of obscenity was extremely unclear before and I was sure that it would remain forever elusive to me. Now, with my new found knowledge, I can spread the word: regardless of a society's understanding, it is important to push issues like pornography and human power relationships to the fringes so there is no possibility for intelligent debate even though a huge percentage of the society's membership makes use of and thinks about the said materials and issues. I just hope your ban on this smut will not cause an increase in its readership.

Also, kudos to the University of Victoria's administration for banning Peter Verin, who made me think more than a six hour lecture day every time I passed his snoring, waste surrounded body in the hallowed halls of Clearihue. In this we have another issue that ought to be ignored. However, I am surprised at the student society's lack of diligence in allowing one as subversive as Mr. Verin into their building. This is not consistent with the excellent job they've done in sheltering the student body from dirty magazines. After all, people who refuse to become productive members of a society certainly should not be allowed its protection.

I hope in the future that both the University's administration and its student society can work together on these difficulties. If there is any possibility of remaining ignorant about all these issues it is important to cooperate and imperative to make lots more money.

T. Trebilcock

Letter to President Turpin, re: Verin

March 4, 2001

Dear President Turpin,

As a student at UVIC since 1997, I find it disturbing and unnecessary that Peter Verin be restricted from every building on Campus, except for the SUB and the Campus Security Buildings. I have become accustomed to his presence in the Clearihue Building, where I have typed my papers for the last four years, and around campus involved in cleaning up garbage, recycling waste, or just riding his bicycle. I agree with Martlet writer, Omar McDadi, when he labels this "a human rights issue".

In working against Peter, rather than with him, the UVic community is sending out a linear message that only one type of lifestyle is acceptable. There are programs within the University curriculum such as Women Studies and Environmental Sciences, not to mention all of the Art History classes which teach "other" systems of government, religions, and lifestyles that not only advocate the contrary, but receive funding from the University to operate. Not only is the treatment of Peter a complete contradiction to this advertisement of universality, but it rewards Peter's efforts in discussing and creating environmental and philosophical change with classicism and blatant cruelty.

I urge you, at this point, to consider McDadi's suggestion to aid Peter in the work he has been attempting for the last twenty-one years, to improve the environment, to stand as an example against consumerism, and to encourage intellectual discussion that doesn't cost $30 per class. Would it be out of the question to build a shed for his boxes and papers? Financially, I don't think so. On an ethical level, I believe that the verdict was decided upon before even being put to the people he most influences, the student body. Labeled a nuisance, and unsanitary, it must be easy for the administration to swallow these injustices. But Peter Verin, as one of those outstanding persons who lives the life he advocates, should not be punished by these labels. He is not harming anyone, so how is he a bother?

Peter Verin contributes to the multifarious world that is a university campus. After twenty-one years of being accepted inside a community to be suddenly cut off, could only be devastating for him. His presence has not encouraged a "vagrant community", but rather has lent support to the idea that difference, be it in ideology, religion, race, sexuality or lifestyle, is attainable and I would like to add acceptable.

Please reconsider your decision on Peter's ban and on the removal of his possessions to the dump. This is, I repeat, cruel and absolutely unnecessary, as he is a member of the UVic community and should be treated with the respect he deserves.

Sincerely,

Deborah Turnbull

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Local activists condemn bombing of Iraq

New group formed to advocate end to sanctions

by Ben Isitt

Canadians caught a glimpse into President George W. Bush's brand of foreign policy last month when the United States and Britain escalated their bombing campaign against Iraq.

As night fell over Baghdad the evening of Feb. 16, a total of 24 US and British warplanes bombarded the Iraqi capital, leaving at least two people dead.

The day after the air raids, Prime Minister Jean Chretien voiced his support for the action, saying "the Americans and Britain have the duty" to enforce "no-fly" zones over the north and south of the country.

Iraq considers the zones to be a violation of its sovereignty, while the US and Britain say they are necessary to protect minority populations. The two countries imposed the no-fly zones without United Nations approval after the Persian Gulf War of 1991.

"A routine mission was conducted to enforce the no fly zone," George W. Bush said during a visit to Mexico the day of the bombings. "Our intention is to make sure the world is as peaceful as possible."

"It is essentially a self-defense measure," US Marine Lt. Gen. Gregory Newbold said from the Pentagon.

But some Victorians are concerned about the bombings.

"It's only Canada and Poland that have supported the latest air strikes," said Fahra Nosh, whose family emigrated from Iraq in 1972. "It feels like our policy toward Iraq has been parallel to whatever US policy has been."

Local peace activist Terry Wolfwood participated in a humanitarian mission to Iraq in January. She was horrified when she heard about the bombing.

"Having been there, I immediately put faces to the people who died," Wolfwood said. "I think of the school kids and the university students I met... and wonder if any of those people were killed in the bombing raid."

But Wolfwood cautions against treating the bombing as an isolated incident.

> It's about oil and it's about power in the region.
>
> *Fahra Nosh*

> The military stocks went up as a result of the bombing of Baghdad and Basra.
>
> *Terry Wolfwood*

"It's nothing new. The United States and the United Kingdom have been doing fly-by bombings in Iraq several times a week for the past 10 years," Wolfwood said. "They have killed hundreds of people, mostly in the countryside and in southern Iraq... But this is the first time they've bombed Baghdad in three years."

Wolfwood thinks the US has escalated its military campaign because economic sanctions are proving to be ineffective. France, Russia and other countries are calling for a diplomatic settlement, and 70 countries are already openly defying the sanctions, she argued.

"The US is getting a little desperate," Wolfwood said. And she doesn't rule out more sinister motives.

"There was a stock market slump that week. Even military stocks were not doing very well because of the controversy surrounding the ballistic missile defence... The military stocks went up as a result of the bombing of Baghdad and Basra."

Some may dismiss Wolfwood's ideas as conspiracy theory, but Fahra Nosh agrees there is an economic motive behind Western policy in Iraq.

"I don't think the situation in Iraq would be where it is right now if there wasn't oil," Nosh said. "It's about oil and it's about power in the region."

While she condemns Iraq's invasion of Kuwait in 1990 as an illegal "breach of sovereignty," she points out that Western policy toward Iraq has been far from consistent.

"If it was in the US's best interests to have Saddam as their close friend, then policy toward Iraq would reflect that," Nosh said, citing the example of the US arming both Iran and Iraq when the two countries were at war throughout the 1980s.

"The relationship with Saddam has been a love-hate relationship. When it serves to have him as our enemy, we'll demonize the country, as we have now."

Nosh said Iraq was becoming a great power in the region, and that the US felt threatened. She thinks the sanctions were intended to paralyze the country's economy. And she suggests George Bush Sr., the US President during the 1991 Gulf War, may have wanted to keep President Saddam Hussein in power.

"It was just a big lie really. If they really wanted to get rid of him they could have."

Nosh thinks people in Canada have been given inaccurate information when it comes to Iraq, and talk of "weapons of mass destruction" is designed to incite fear and mobilize support for whatever action the West intends to take.

"The role of the media just blows my mind," Nosh continued. "It scares me. The Gulf War was supposedly a war aimed and targeted at military infrastructure. One hundred thousand to 200,000 Iraqis died. Schools, mosques and bomb shelters were bombed. In one bomb shelter, 400 women and children died."

Later this month, the HMCS Winnipeg is scheduled to sail from Victoria for the Persian Gulf.

"Canadian ships are fully integrated in US Naval Battle Groups," Defense Minister Art Eggleton said in a January press conference. According to the Department of National Defense, the ship and her crew will help monitor and enforce "sanctions against Iraq... It will intercept and inspect vessels coming to and going from Iraq."

Terry Wolfwood implicates Canada as "a committed junior partner" in the latest bombing raids.

"I think that Canadians should demand a made-in-Canada foreign policy and demand an end to the sanctions in Iraq," Wolfwood argues.

Nosh and her group want to spread awareness of Canadian involvement in Iraq sanctions.

"Education is awareness," she said. "Our goal is to raise awareness about the sanctions and create enough pressure and opposition on our government... Not everyone knows we're involved in this."

International Women's Day Events 2001

Come celebrate! All genders welcome to all events.

THURSDAY, MARCH 8
"THANKING OURSELVES: THE POLITICS OF SELF-CARE"
6:30 - 9:30 P.M.

BCGEU 2994 Douglas St.
Speakers on women's health.
yoga. massage.
mask-making.
children's activies
potluck

SUNDAY, MARCH 11
"POLITICS ON PARADE"
11 A.M. - 4 P.M.

Centennial Square
Speakers, performers,
parade/march (11:30-12:30)
BBQ
children's activities
women's organizations/
services/ info. tables

All events are FREE! For more info call
721-8353 or 370-4071

VIKES Athletics
UNIVERSITY OF VICTORIA
721-8406 www.uvic.ca/vikes

VIKES ROWING
OSU/UVIC DUAL
March 11
Elk Lake
8:00 am - 12:00 pm

ON CAMPUS

CHAI Victoria – Jewish Students Association offers a full and varied schedule of programming. Feel free to check us out or to join us at our next event. For more details, please contact us at jewish@uvic.ca or at the INFO-LINE 370-9488, ext. 2.

New service! Two Jewish chaplains are now available on campus. Gidi Nahshon, MSW, is available on Mondays and Wednesdays 5-6 pm, while Joel Fagan, MD, is available on Tuesdays 4-5 pm. Drop by to discuss what's on your mind – not just spiritual matters. For more information, please contact 721-8338.

"Ring-Out" the week with Inter Varsity Christian Fellowship every Friday night! Everyone is welcome to join us for Praise, Worship, Singing, Prayer, Fellowship and Teaching! Have a Bible? Bring it! See you Friday nights for Ring-Out in Cle C 112 at 7:30 p.m.

OFF CAMPUS

Join us in a peace walk for Tibet! Starts **Sat. March 10** at 12:30 p.m. in Centennial Square, and ends at the Legislature with a rally.

Café Philosophy: Taking public philosophy to a new level. Next topic Euthanasia: Should you have the right to request to die? Can giving death be an act of mercy? Is it ever permissible to take a life? **Wed. March 14** at 7:30 p.m. De Torrefazione Italia (1234 Government St.), cover $4/$3 for students. For more information call Michael Picard, Ph.D., at 385-4646 or e-mail pyro@philosophy-shop.com

Literary Studies and Global Culture Conference. Keynote speaker Dr. Diana Brydon. **March 16 &17** at the Holiday Inn Victoria, from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. $40 student, $65 faculty; partial registration & student subsidies. Contact 721-7236. See web.uvic.ca/~englgrad/conference/ for details.

VOLUNTEERS

No one knows your department like you do! Be an orientation tour leader – check out our info booths around campus **March 5 to 16.** Go to website for locations: www.coun.uvic.ca/orient/volunteer.html

TUTORS

French – essays, translation, grammar, literature and discussion. $15/hr. Magali 598-3344.

English/Philosophy. Essay critique, proofreading, assignment discussion, etc. Enjoy learning but need a little assistance to fulfill your potential? I can help. Call Janet at 595-8438.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Pottery, sculpture & hand-building classes with continuous registration available. Six 2.5 hour classes, flexible, $160. Call Potter's Corner at 383-5446 for more details.

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The Cambie @ The Esquimalt Inn requires p/t energetic, experienced bar staff. Flexible schedules available. Please fax resumes to 386-4313, Attn: Dennis.

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Attention university/college students: full-time spring and summer jobs available in marketing and painting. No experience necessary. Car an asset. Leave message at 475-8321.

Thinking about working for a summer camp in the US? I've got the goods... email any questions about Mah-Kee-Nac or Danbee to bcook023@hotmail.com

Travel – teach English. 5 day/40 hr **(May 16-20)** TESOL teacher cert. course (or by correspondence). 1,000s of jobs available NOW. Free info pack, toll free 1-888-270-2941.

HEY YOU

Intriguing subtlety: it was the V-8 juice that made me do it. Violating me with its evil taste and texture. The light at the end of the tunnel; the Clearihue water fountain was my exorcist. Alas one must get their veggies somehow.

Hiya Nina, I like your shoes....

To the boy who can't fit his hair behind his ears: if only you were a computer. Damn.

morons, you're all morons i say! if you touch **raw red meat** and then touch my **veggie** humous wrap again, i will jump across the counter and choke you... i really will.

I've set my sights on high, **Eris,** and I don't take well to such taunting!

Hey Lady Boob Bitch – thank you for your extra work + remember to refuse to stand up straight.

kiya, you raging goddess of darkness, continue to watch those contaminated hands and thoughts.

I need a woman who behaves like a woman, who knows how to sit at the table and all that. *Ricky Martin*

Women. You can't live with them, and you can't get them to dress up in a skimpy Nazi costume and beat them with a warm squash. *Emo Philips*

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A Reduction in Tuition Fees

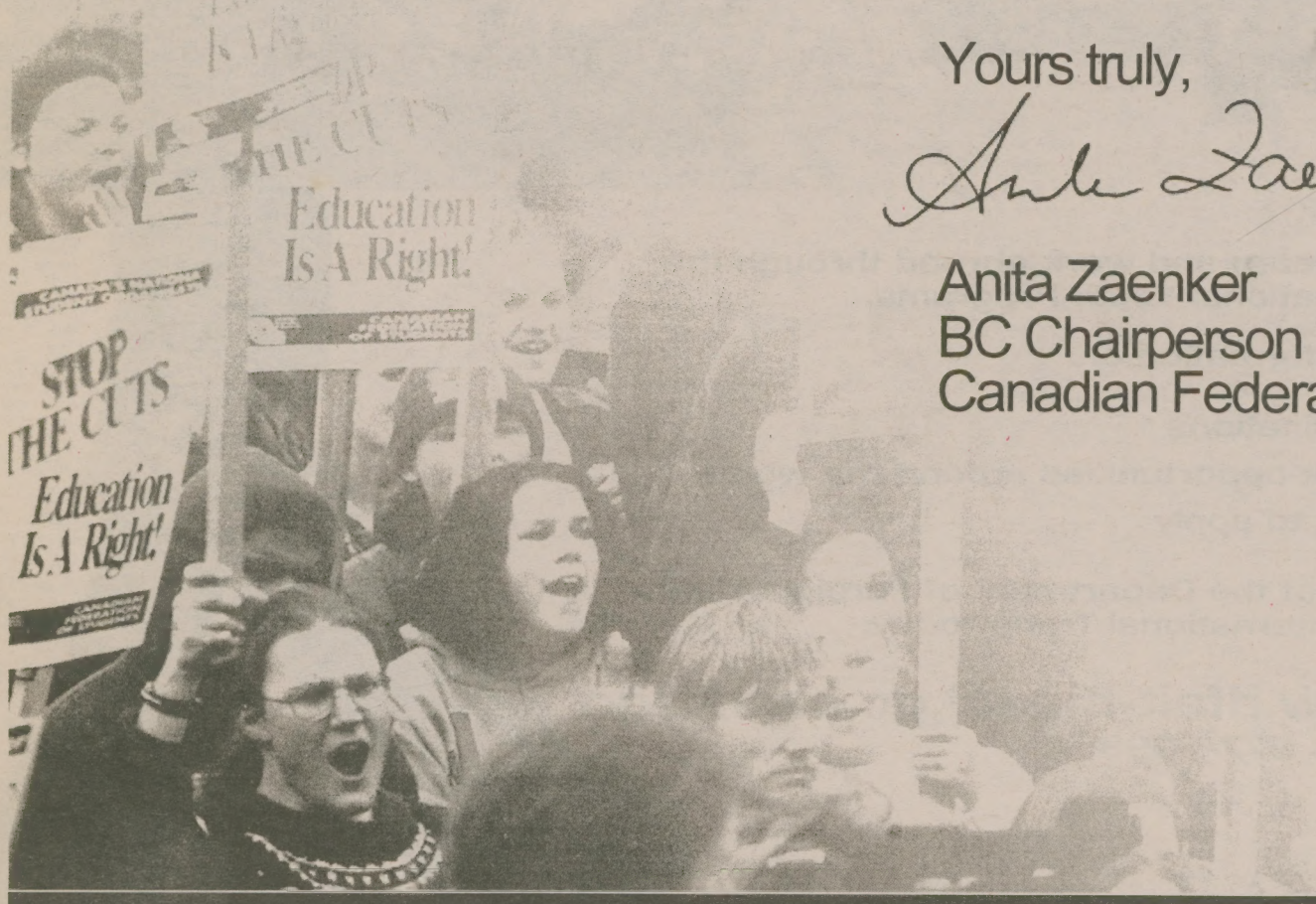
On February 28 the provincial government announced that tuition fees have been reduced by 5%, core funding has increased and 5,000 new spaces have been added for 2001-2002.

Thank-you to all those students who, over the past decade, attended the rallies, signed the petitions and wrote their Members of the Legislative Assembly. It was your efforts that helped shift public opinion in favour of lower tuition fees, making possible the provincial government's decision.

However, we need to keep up the pressure. We need to make sure that all candidates in the upcoming provincial election are fully committed to maintaining the fee reduction and increasing access to post-secondary education.

Yours truly,

Anita Zaenker
BC Chairperson
Canadian Federation of Students



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